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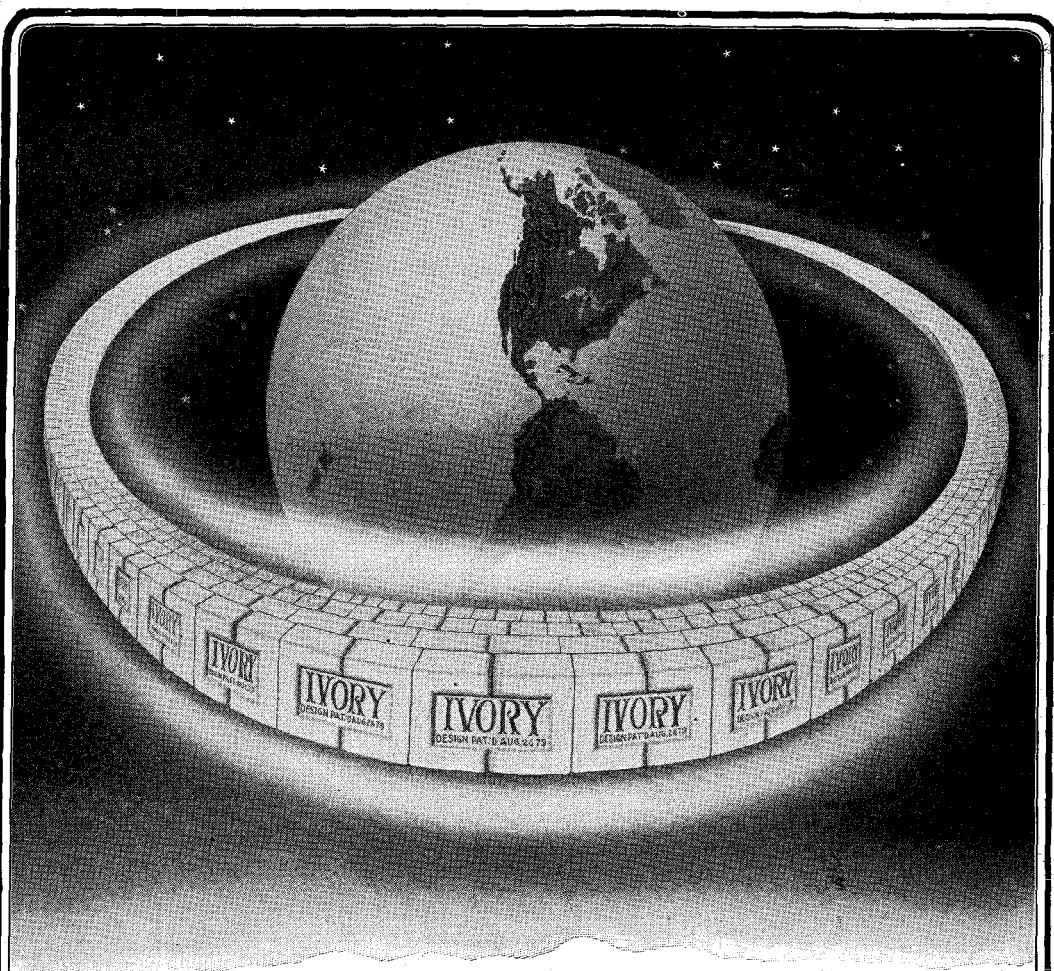
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FOR two or three years it has been the custom of The Outlook during the summer months to print a series of very brief talks on religious subjects under the title, "Summer Vesper Sermons." The letters of appreciation received from many correspondents show that such short religious papers, intended particularly for reading on Sunday afternoons by those who are away from home, have been acceptable to and welcomed by Outlook readers everywhere. The present series of Summer Vesper Sermons from Dr. Abbott's pen will be followed immediately by a similar group of articles relating to the Church and the Church-goer. These are from the pen of the Rev. Laird W. Snell, and bear such titles as "The True Man and Religion," "The True Man and Christ," and "The True Man and Caste." The author writes from the point of view gained after working two years among laboring men in New York, following four years of pastoral work in New England. Thus throughout the summer months every issue of The Outlook will contain at least one article intended, not as theological discussion, but as religious inspiration and incentive to high and noble Christian ideals.



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The Outlook

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1907

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American Teachers in Convention

For five days, in the hottest July on record in California, twelve thousand teachers assembled, week before last, in Los Angeles, for the fiftieth anniversary convention of the National Education Association. Preliminary to the meetings of the Association the workers among the Indians assembled under the direction of Commissioner Francis E. Leupp. The exhibit and the reports there made should convince the most hopeless pessimist of the certain and steady march of the Nation's wards to an independent and self-respecting citizenship. To a layman the "N. E. A." (as it is familiarly called) presents a body of serious and self-restrained meliorists. One is struck with the moderation and quiet patience of these middle-aged men and women who have in charge what seems at times to be the most serious task confronting the American people. The quiet approval of the audiences, which are composed of women and men in the proportion of three to one, is given only to accepted doctrines of education and tested methods of teaching. A visitor finds, after mingling with these men and women for a week, that there are not likely to be any violent experiments made in teaching the children of the Republic. At the same time he is impressed with the progressive spirit everywhere manifested. The leaders of the Association have evidently accepted the new psychology without further question. Froebel and Pestalozzi are in control. To learn by doing is the current maxim. Manual training in the grade, agricultural training in the rural schools, and increased laboratory methods in all lines of work are assumed to be the true direction of normal development, but there is some hostility, for instance, to spelling reform. The active membership of the Association, which

is permanent, and votes and organizes, as distinguished from the associate membership, which takes advantage of low railway rates to attend the meetings perhaps once in a lifetime, is composed of the administrators of schools—State and city superintendents, presidents of universities and colleges, and principals of the high schools. Their enthusiasms are qualified by experience. One notes the solemnity of all the meetings and an absence of humor. At the meetings this year the strong men in the teaching faculties of Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Cornell, and Ann Arbor were absent; the high school and grade teacher seldom appeared upon the programme; but there were strong, vigorous personalities present.



How the Association Does Its Work

The Association does its most important work in its committees of investigation appointed by the eighteen sections and departments. The proceeds of an increasing endowment fund are used for these investigations. Thus, the report on the preparation of high school teachers, the result of a thorough investigation by seventeen competent experts under the leadership of Principal Halleck of Louisville, will be published in permanent form and may constitute the last word on that subject. In the coming year committees furnished with suitable appropriations will investigate the time allotted to the purely cultural element in education, to the teaching of morals in the public schools, to the cause of the shortage of teachers, and to the teaching of exceptional children. A committee was appointed to urge upon Congress the establishment of a National University in Washington. The Association expressed itself warmly in favor of pensions for retiring teachers

and the increase of their compensation. It sent enthusiastic greetings to the Hague Peace Conference. The new constitution and by-laws authorized by act of Congress incorporating the Association under National instead of State laws was adopted without serious opposition. There were many notable addresses. Bishop Conaty of the Roman Catholic diocese of Southern California brought "a kindly greeting and a message from the consecrated men and women in the Catholic schools." The retiring President of the Association, Nathan C. Schaeffer, for fourteen years State Superintendent of Pennsylvania, spoke for the aid of the school in promoting international peace. Superintendent E. G. Cooley of Chicago, fresh from a successful fight to prevent the public schools in Chicago from passing under the control of socialists and the labor unions, was unanimously chosen President for the coming year.



*Co-operation Between
the Federal Government
and a State*

So much has been said recently concerning the collision between the powers and interests of the United States Government and those of the several States that it sometimes seems as if there were no possibility of co-operation between them. How erroneous this idea is is shown by an act passed in the recent session of the Illinois Legislature. The United States Government is building near North Chicago a new naval school. In anticipation of the patronage of the boys to be assembled there a community has been started within a quarter of a mile. There was every reason to believe that saloons would be established in the place and that conditions would arise full of menace to the boys who are to be brought there to receive a naval education. It is a matter of common knowledge that army posts have attracted to their neighborhood those human parasites which make their living by fostering among the soldiers drunkenness and other vices. Highwood, for instance, which is adjacent to the army posts at Fort Sheridan, consists of a population of a hundred people and thirteen saloons.

These saloons sell, entirely to the soldiers of the army post, from three to four hundred thousand dollars worth of liquors. Some of the places are of the lowest order. The threat of a new Highwood near a naval training school was not to be ignored. As Lieutenant G. A. McKay, who has charge of the construction of the building of the naval academy, has said, it would have been a lasting shame and outrage for the United States Government to bring to this place thirteen hundred boys from their homes and the farms, and subject them to the temptations of a Highwood. The Government officials at Washington were apprised of the situation, and the President took measures to avert what would have been a very serious wrong. He conferred with the Governor and the Attorney-General of the State. As a consequence the Legislature passed a bill making it illegal to sell or to give away liquors within one and an eighth miles of a United States naval training school or a United States military post. The penalties for violating this law are severe. If the Legislature of every State could be induced to pass such a measure as this, one of the strongest arguments in favor of re-establishing the canteen at army posts would be deprived of some of its force. In the meantime it ought to be a satisfaction to a great many people to realize that the Federal Government and the State governments are not in a continual state of squabbling over the question of their relative functions, as it must certainly be a satisfaction to all good American citizens to know that the Federal Government is concerned for the moral safety of the young men in its charge, and can secure the aid of a State Legislature in protecting them.



*The Discretion
of a Boss*

The rumor that General Brayton, the Republican boss of Rhode Island, is to retire from politics is not credible. It arose from his announcement that he had resigned from the Executive Committee of the Republican State Central Committee. He remains, nevertheless, on the State Committee and on the National Committee of the party. This

means that Rhode Island and the Republican party have not yet seen the last of a boss who has done much to discredit both the party and the State. Over twenty-five years have passed since General Brayton became the dictator of the organization. Though for most of the time he has held no public office, he has had his desk in the State Capitol, and has there received his underlings and given his orders to public servants. Four years ago he had a great fall, when Dr. Garvin was elected Governor on the Democratic ticket; but somehow, unlike Humpty Dumpty, he was put together again. During the last session of the Legislature General Brayton undertook to get some advantage out of the Senatorial contest. In opposition to Colonel Goddard, the candidate of the Independent Republicans, supported by the Democrats, there were two straight Republican candidates—Senator Wetmore, who was seeking to be his own successor, and Colonel Colt. It is evident that General Brayton worked both these men to his own ends as far as he could. Although toward the end he issued a statement in favor of one of the two, he was unable to secure his election. Neither of these candidates is now available as a source of funds; and the corporations, having discovered that the boss cannot “deliver the goods,” are no longer eager to supply him with money. This boss is, however, shrewd as well as bold; he knows that the present Republican Governor of Rhode Island is not friendly to him; he knows just how far it is wise to withdraw for the present. Whether his discomfiture will ultimately lead to a lasting defeat of his methods it is too early now to know; but it is certain that he is not yet out of politics.



A Legislature Reverses Itself By passing a two-cent fare bill the Legislature of Wisconsin has treated its own legislation with contempt. The Railway Commission of Wisconsin was created to control the railways of the State. It was an administrative body and an agent of the Legislature. So efficiently did it perform its task that the Legislature voted to entrust to it the

control, not merely of the railways, but also of all the public utilities of Wisconsin. This control, as recounted in *The Outlook* for July 13, was based on a two-fold power—first, power to make a physical valuation of the actual investment in a public utility; and, second, after allowing for a fair return on the investment, power to fix rates. The proposal that the Legislature should belie its own action, and undertake on its own behalf to fix railway passenger rates was once rejected. That proposal, in a somewhat modified form, but in substance unchanged, was then reconsidered and finally adopted. Inconsistency evidently is a hobgoblin which the Wisconsin Legislature, like other legislatures, does not fear. It first asserts the principle of controlling public service corporations by an administrative body, and then, at its second opportunity, abandons the principle, and attempts to control some aspects of the business of some public service corporations by fiat. It first makes a commission its agent plenipotentiary and then acts over its head. It has done just exactly what the New York Legislature did. In the case of New York, however, there was a Governor who had the courage and the wit to veto the measure. In the case of Wisconsin, on the other hand, Governor Davidson fell in with the temper of the Legislature, signed the bill and made it law. Stupid management upon the part of the railways invited, it is true, this piece of legislation. But that fact does not excuse hasty, retaliatory action on the part of legislators. It would have been both interesting and instructive to watch the workings of the Wisconsin plan of corporation control; but evidently it is not to have a fair test. If the Wisconsin Legislature has not faith in its own policy of regulating public utilities, it certainly cannot expect the public utilities corporations to regard it with even ordinary respect.



*Municipal Ownership
Pro and Con*

Municipal ownership of public utilities is good, it is bad; it is wasteful, it is economical; it prevents political corruption; it

invites political corruption; it affords efficient service, it results in inefficient service; it lowers wages, it raises wages; it is democratic, it is un-American; it deserves the bitterest denunciation and is worthy of the highest praise. This, in brief, is the conclusion drawn from an investigation carried on for nearly two years by a body of men chosen by the National Civic Federation. The report of this Commission on Public Ownership is not yet published. The data gathered are of course extensive; they have been reviewed, however, by certain members of the Commission chosen for the purpose. The reviews, which have been issued in abstract form for the press by the Federation, are not judicial summaries for the facts ascertained, but are rather arguments for and against the public ownership and operation of public utilities. The collection of data seems to be a storehouse from which supporters and opponents of municipal ownership and operation can get things to throw at one another. How widely divergent may be the conclusions drawn from the same source can be judged by contrasting these two statements: Messrs. Clark and Edgar declare that "where municipal ownership has been removed from the realm of philosophic discussion and put to the test of actual experience it has failed ingloriously;" Professor Parsons and Mr. Bemis on the contrary assert, to use Professor Parsons' words, "it is not public ownership, but private ownership, that is responsible for our periodic crisis and the ruin of our industries," and "it is not impossible that the elimination of the public service corporations through public ownership is one of the things that would do more to help along the process of making our cities fit." One of the greatest evils which the opponents of municipal ownership find in that method of controlling public utilities is that it encourages, if it does not actually necessitate political corruption. "In America," says Mr. J. W. Sullivan, "the municipalized enterprises visited by our labor investigators have been rich mines for significant facts relating to politics rather than to labor. . . . The testimony as to political rottenness, root and branch, in Syracuse, Allegheny and

Wheeling, is conclusive." In the cities where some merit has been found in municipally-owned utilities, he declares that their stability rests largely on the mayor, who represents "for a brief term a policy that may change with his successor." On the other side, Professor Commons points out that the whole question is one of politics. Private companies managing public utilities are continually dealing with municipal officers. "Consequently," he says, "it is absurd to assume that private ownership is non-political. It is just as much a political question to get and keep honest or business-like municipal officials who will drive good bargains with private companies on behalf of the public and then see that the bargains are lived up to, as it is to get similar officials to operate a municipal plant. We do not escape politics by resorting to private ownership—we only get a different kind of practical politics." It might be interjected here that the habit of saying that municipal operation is good under a good mayor, but that it is periodically threatened by the possibility of the election of a bad mayor, arises not from a doubt of municipal ownership so much as a doubt of democracy. Messrs. Clark and Edgar have been naive enough explicitly to acknowledge that their aim has not been to ascertain the truth by judicial study of the facts, but to defend a doctrine. These are their words: "We individualists are not seeking to lead the people into strange paths; our aim is to keep them in the paths that they have hitherto trod." They speak of themselves as "we who stand in opposition to municipal ownership," and they undertake to "arraign the arrogance of many of its advocates." On the other hand, although the reviews in defense of municipal ownership, at least as they appear in the summarized form, do not bear the marks of conscious partisanship, they are nevertheless frankly specimens of special pleading. Both those who fear and those who trust municipal ownership and operation will find ample comfort in these reviews. Those who really desire the truth will find defects in the arguments on both sides, and will await with interest the

publication of the facts, gathered by experts, on which these arguments are based.

*The New Mayor of
San Francisco*

⊗ Last week The Outlook reported the fact that the San Francisco Board of Supervisors (a majority of whom are confessed bribers) acting under pressure brought to bear upon them by the prosecuting attorney and his supporters in the work of municipal reform, had chosen one of their own number, also an acknowledged bribe-taker, to fill for the minute the Mayor's chair, made vacant by the conviction and sentence of Schmitz. This was only the first move in the curious but necessary machinery of reform. Until the next city election any appointment to the mayorship must be from among the Supervisors; by the temporary election of Dr. Bixton a vacancy was created in the Supervisors' Board; the man who was really desired as Mayor was elected to this vacancy; Dr. Bixton then resigned; and the man desired by Mr. Heney, Mr. Langdon, and their supporters was elected Mayor. This man was Dr. Edward R. Taylor, an educator, physician, and lawyer, who has been connected with the Hastings Law College and the University of California. His choice is approved apparently by all who earnestly believe in thorough municipal reorganization, in the up-building of the new San Francisco, and in the punishment of all wrongdoers. A telegraphic dispatch, just received as this paragraph is written, from an unusually well-informed and judicially-minded correspondent in California, declares that Dr. Taylor's election should prove the turning point of the city's fate and assures non-partisanship in the labor question and in National politics. Dr. Taylor, our correspondent adds, is a clean lover of righteousness and although counted unpracticable by some men, is just the idealist that the city needs, as it has wallowed in practical sordidness long enough. He will have great power, as it falls to his duty, first to appoint new Supervisors (the old Supervisors have agreed to resign), and then to restore normal government after a city elec-

tion. The sooner this can be done the better, because the prosecuting officers and their supporters, and especially Mr. Spreckels, should be relieved from the dangerous—and, in the view of some citizens, odious—burden of city politics. The circumstances were so peculiar that in no other way than by a sort of temporary dictatorship could matters be brought into such shape that the normal conditions of government could prevail. With the election of Dr. Taylor this desirable result has been reached. The District Attorney, himself a labor candidate, has proved honest and high-minded, and refuses to "play politics." Mr. Heney, the right hand of the prosecution, has made a wonderful record in gathering evidence and forcing municipal bribe-takers to confession or conviction; he now proposes to do the same with wealthy bribe-givers and corporation magnates accused of wrong-doing. Whether he will be supported in this, or whether, as some fear, a low moral tone among business men and a distrust of the motives of the reformers, and especially of Mr. Spreckels, may stand in the way, remains to be seen. At all events, the attempt to carry on the prosecution on the announced lines should be entirely free from the complication of being joined with the administration of the city government; and when the new organization begun by the election of Dr. Taylor is completed, this will be natural and, indeed, inevitable.

⊗ *The Naval Disaster* The deaths of Lieutenant Goodrich, Midshipman Cruse and eight sailors, caused by an explosion in the turret of the battleship Georgia, were as truly heroic and in the service of their country as if these men had fallen in fight with an enemy. Every officer and enlisted man in the navy knows that constant danger is inseparable from his calling; and he accepts the risk involved with the courage of intelligence and with a fine spirit of patriotism as well as *esprit de corps*. If our navy is to be efficient for protection, it must be highly disciplined and must know how to shoot both straight and fast. The war with Spain showed what training could do in

this respect, and our almost absurdly slight losses were the evidence of previous severe drill, in which risk of life and safety was always involved. It is only by practical experiment and observation that the best and safest way of handling high explosives and modern sea-artillery can be gained; and while every safeguard of science and care should be applied to prevent disaster, the naval authorities must regard it as always possible and to some degree at least inevitable. It is quite probable that the recent deplorable calamity may even result in such improved knowledge that its repetition may be impossible. The cause of the explosion seems to have been a "flare-back"—that is, at the exact instant when the breech of an eight-inch gun in the turret had been thrown open, and before the stream of compressed air by which the gas and sparks from the previous shot are driven out through the muzzle had taken effect, a burning shred or spark was driven back and ignited the charge about to be put in; or perhaps the stream of compressed air was cut off too soon with the same result. When one reads in the story of a survivor that nine shots had just been fired in two minutes, one is inclined to criticise the officers for inviting disaster by too rapid work; but when it is remembered that rapid firing combined with good marksmanship (and all nine of those shots hit the target) is what made Admiral Togo's ships differ from his Russian opponents and what made Sampson's ships differ from Cervera's, it will be seen that it would be extremely difficult to lay down rules which should check at just the right point the men and officers of our ships in their emulation for superiority in rapidity and efficiency. The whole country will join in doing honor to the brave American seamen who perished on the Georgia. Captain McCrea in praising the conduct of one of these men, who lost his life by standing at his post and closing the breech of the other gun, thus preventing a second accident which might have been even more terrible than that which actually occurred, said "it was one of the coolest and bravest acts I ever heard of." And when Lieutenant Goodrich was dying his

thought was of his men and his first question "How are the others?" In the act of the eighteen-year old boy and the question of his officer is seen the true spirit of the American navy.



Inviting Disaster Owners of excursion boats in New York Harbor evidently learned nothing from the Slocum disaster. When three years ago the steamer General Slocum was burned and a thousand lives were lost, it became a matter of general knowledge that the responsible officials, not only of the line to which that vessel belonged, but of other lines as well, had been disregarding the most elementary measures of safety. They had allowed their boats to be overcrowded, they had failed to provide adequate safety appliances, they had permitted their crews to remain uninstructed and undisciplined. It would seem as if a sense of ordinary humanity might have roused them to dread the risk which, as the accident proved, they were incurring, and to take such precautions as would prevent any such accident from recurring. The people who are responsible for the management of many of the excursion steamers, however, are evidently still willing to make money by risking the lives of other people. Happily the Federal Government is now watchful. On Sunday inspectors put fifteen such vessels out of commission, and had them tied to their piers for violation of the law. One of the worst offenders was the sister ship of the ill-fated Slocum. Light is thrown upon the character of some moneymakers by the reported remark of one of these owners. His vessel had a number of passengers on board in excess of the legal limit. He protested against their removal in these terms: "I have lots of friends in Tammany Hall, and when Bryan is elected there will be some heads fall in the Customs Service." Against such men the only protection which the public has is the Government. "Natural economic laws," about which much is said, will not safely control this form of private business; law courts, even if they allow damages after accidents occur, simply force such men to reckon whether the damages

will be more than covered by the extra money brought in by the extra hazard. This is a case where public sentiment, with practical unanimity, approves of governmental regulation of a private business. Of course some of these steamers are common carriers; but others are not. Yet they are all subject to governmental inspection. It is gratifying to learn that this inspection is being carried out with renewed vigor.



*The Opium Monopoly
in Formosa*

When the Chinese Government recently issued its edict directing the provincial governors to restrict the area to be used in the cultivation of the opium poppy, those who know the East smiled. In China, after all, "an edict is only an edict." Under the control of Japan it is otherwise. The home country, indeed, is not directly involved, but when Formosa was taken under control in 1895 the Japanese found themselves confronted with an opium problem which demanded the immediate attention of the Government. The use of the drug had firmly intrenched itself in the island and was rapidly spreading. To force the Formosan Chinese to give up the habit at once would be like forbidding them to eat—impossible. Rather than submit they would go back to China. To allow the habit to spread unchecked was as little to be tolerated. Under the advice of Baron Goto—now chief of Civil Administration in the island—the Government decided on a policy of regulation. It would itself take up the import, manufacture, and sale of opium, and do all in its power, by education and police, to confine its use to those already addicted to the habit. This was to be the first step toward crushing out altogether the use of opium as a stimulant. The regulations adopted to carry out this policy are detailed, and their enforcement is strict. Opium is made a monopoly of the Government. No one without special license is allowed "to sell, buy, deliver, receive, or possess" any quantity of the drug. No one will be granted a license to use it unless he proves to the Government that he is already an habitué.

Severe penalties are provided for any one who "imports, manufactures, sells, gives, or lends opium, or who cultivates the opium poppy, or is found with capsules in his possession," or in any way advances the use of the drug. In order to control the manufacture more carefully, the Japanese in 1897—the year in which the monopoly was instituted—erected a large Government factory. Later, complete control over all the retailing of the drug was assumed, so that now the Government keeps an account of the opium used in the island as accurate as the account of the sale of postage-stamps. The rigid enforcement of the law is a discouragement to wrong-doers. The number of arrests for violation of the regulations has steadily risen from 495 in 1897 to over four times that number in 1905. The Government has raised the price of the drug, and this, in connection with the strict enforcement of the law, has brought the net income from the monopoly to 1,000,000 yen (\$500,000) in 1905, constituting one of the chief sources of revenue for the island. These profits are, however, only incidental to the real purpose—the checking of the use of opium. The vicious habit cannot be stamped out at once, and we must not, therefore, be too anxious for immediate results. However, notwithstanding the economic advantages brought to the island with Japanese rule, giving the native greater purchasing power, still the use of opium has not grown, but has actually decreased, as was intended. The following table gives an idea of the amount consumed, as taken from Government statistics:

	Weight in pounds
1897.....	194,099
1898.....	369,591
1899.....	454,453
1900.....	438,812
1901.....	265,166
1902.....	286,318
1903.....	320,022

During the first years indicated the amount consumed apparently shows a marked increase. In fact, these figures indicate rather the increased efficiency of the means taken to repress smuggling and perfect the prohibition against native production. The Japanese authorities claim that now they are in complete

control of the situation, and that the end of the widespread opium habit in Formosa is in sight. They have done what they can to prevent the increase of the evil, but, they say, it would be cruel as well as impossible for the Government to try to cut down the number of the present opium-smokers. This can only be brought about gradually by a campaign of education to keep recruits from the ranks, and the lapse of time, which will carry off those now addicted to the habit. For Japan's own sake, for the Formosans, and none the less for the Chinese, we must hope that the day will speedily come when the restrictive management of the Formosan opium trade will have attained the object for which it was framed. Perhaps the experience of her island neighbor some day may furnish to China a model upon which she may act to make her opium edict more than an edict, and gradually relieve her people from the curse which Japan will have removed from Formosa.



*The Crisis
in Korea*

The immediate cause of the abdication of the Emperor of Korea was his offense in sending a delegation to the Hague Conference without the consent of the Japanese Resident General in Korea. It will be remembered that under the present arrangement for the control of Korean affairs, one of the most important stipulations was that the Japanese should have complete supervision of Korea's relations with foreign nations. The alleged action of the Emperor in regard to the Hague delegation is looked at by the Japanese government as a flagrant disregard of the agreement. On the other hand, it should be recorded that the Emperor denies that he was responsible for sending the delegates, and he also asserts that he never did personally sign the agreement with Japan, which was, he says, entered into by his ministers and against his will. The larger and really serious cause of the abdication, however, does not rest upon any one act. The situation in Korea had become incompatible with the development of the country and with a peaceful political status. If any one thing was

settled by the war between Russia and Japan it was that Japanese influence should predominate in Korea, and although the nominal independence of Korea was recognized by the Portsmouth Treaty, the country is really in much the same position as Egypt has been under British rule. Those of our readers who remember Mr. Kennan's letters from Korea in *The Outlook* will readily understand that the Emperor and the corrupt court party were totally incapable of carrying on a strong and firm government themselves, while at the same time they were unwilling to accept the inevitable and to co-operate cordially and faithfully with the Marquis Ito in developing the interests of Korea under Japanese supervision. There is still not unnaturally a strong anti-Japanese feeling in Korea, but any revolutionary movement to establish the political independence of the country is as hopeless as would be such an undertaking in Egypt at the present time. But there has been constantly going on a succession of intrigues and plots between the Emperor Yi-Hyeung and the disaffected element, and neither the personal character of the Emperor nor his political methods promised anything of value for the future of Korea. On the other hand, the Cabinet ministers seem to have been intelligent and progressive; and, nominally, the abdication is at their demand, and not that of Japan. The Japanese Foreign Minister, the Viscount Hayashi, has gone to Korea, and together with the Marquis Ito, will probably deal with the present crisis in a strong and able fashion. It should be added, however, that the supervision of Korean affairs by the Japanese should include a most thorough protection to the property interests and personal safety of all the people. There have been, in fact, many complaints from Korea, some sent under the endorsement of American residents there, to the effect that individual Korean subjects have suffered ill treatment from the lower Japanese officials and soldiers, and if these reports are true there is room for a reform of many minor abuses in Japanese rule. Mr. H. B. Hulbert, an American teacher, long resident in Korea and just returned to this country,

goes so far as to say: "The Japanese have not only robbed the ancient kingdom of its liberties, but are debauching the morals and the health of its people. The Koreans are being despoiled of the lands and their industries." The Crown Prince, who succeeds to the throne, is a man of education, but is said to be weak in character.

Educational Progress 1906-1907

The new problem to which those interested in education in this country have directed their attention to the greatest extent during the past year has been that of industrial education. The increasing industrial difficulties due to German and English competition, the disappearance of the apprenticeship system, and the changes in the trades themselves, have aroused a demand for the recognition of economic efficiency as one of the legitimate aims in public instruction. One of the most enlightening contributions on the subject is the Report of the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education, of which Professor Paul Hanus, of Harvard, is Chairman, published last May. The report contends that the progressive development of all high-grade industries requires skilled workmen possessing "industrial intelligence;" that the public schools supplying only a general education, frequently of a merely bookish kind, do not provide any vocational training; and that the Manual Training High School which was originally intended to train recruits for the trades has failed of its purpose. The Commission, therefore, advocates the establishment of public industrial schools whose object should be *vocational* as contrasted with *general* training. As boys are not wanted in skilled industries before sixteen or seventeen, the Commission recommends a four-year course in these schools, two years of which shall be spent in a day school, and the remaining two years in continuation schools, either in the evening, as in Germany, or during a part of the work-day.

One day of the recent meeting of the National Educational Association (July 8-12), of which an account is given elsewhere in this issue, was devoted to the discussion of industrial education. It was there contended that the offering of such training would tend to prevent the dropping out of so many pupils before the completion of the elementary school, because a much larger proportion of the pupils would stay in the schools if they furnished preparation for some life-pursuit. The movement in favor of industrial education has resulted in an extension of the manual training movement to many cities heretofore indifferent and in the construction of a large number of Manual Training High Schools. Boston, during the past year, established a Girls' High School for Practical Arts modelled on the Washington Irving School of New York City. The Springfield, Massachusetts, Board of Education has adopted the "continuation school" system of Germany whereby workers at trades during the day study the scientific basis of their work at night; and the system is approved both by the employers and the trades-unions. Of schools of private foundation, the Carnegie Institute, formally dedicated this year, is the most conspicuous expression of the movement in industrial education.

One of the chief results of the agitation in favor of industrial education has been the formation of the "Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education" looking towards its extension in the school system and to its support by legislative appropriation. In both respects a great deal has been accomplished. An act was passed at the last session of Congress to raise the Federal appropriation to each of the State colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts. A bill was introduced also to appropriate a large sum annually for industrial education in high schools, half to be appropriated to city high schools and half to agricultural high schools. Some thirty of the latter have been established, articulating with the rural schools below and with the agricultural colleges above.

More intelligent and widespread

attention is being given to children who deviate from the normal. Provision has been made in several additional cities, *e. g.*, Boston, for their exceptional needs. In New York City the Superintendent of Schools has gone so far as to recommend that eye-glasses be furnished without charge to children in the public schools. New York University has established a post-graduate course on the education of defectives. This interest in unfortunate children has expressed itself also in the wider adoption of the Juvenile Court system.

Most gratifying progress was made during the past year in the South in the extension of child-labor laws and compulsory education acts. At the last session of the North Carolina legislature, \$500,000 was appropriated for an institution to care for and educate mental defectives; a compulsory education law was passed; a training school for teachers and a school of technology were established; a reform school for delinquent children was founded, and the financial grant to the State University was largely increased. An almost equally fine record was made by the last Alabama legislature, and a general awakening is in evidence all over the South.

The better co-operation of educational agencies has received considerable attention during the past year. The Public Library of New York City has placed placards in all the school buildings giving explicit suggestions to teachers and pupils for aiding them in making liberal use of the library. The Report of the Committee on the Utilization of the Art Museum by Schools and Colleges shows much good work accomplished in that direction, and that is also true of better articulation of the schools with the natural history museums, botanical and zoological gardens. An impetus in the development of the neighborhood school has been given in several cities where the schools have been opened at night, daily papers, magazines, and books provided, and in some even a smoking-room established. This effort has gone hand-in-hand with a very rapid extension in our cities during the past year of the public playground and recreation center. Nor have the rural districts been behind

in attention to this idea of better co-operation. The consolidation of numbers of neighboring rural schools into union schools has continued during the past year at a rapid pace. The pupils are carried to the union schools at public expense. And not only has this been done, but sufficient pay for trained teachers, sufficient support for a library, a simple laboratory, a small experimental farm and other necessities of an up-to-date rural school, have been forthcoming.

There has been distinct improvement in the social and economic status and prospect of the teacher. According to the School Journal, the salary budgets of the various parts of the country have increased by several millions of dollars. Teachers' pension systems have been introduced in a number of large cities, and it is to be noted that Philadelphia has made the pension system a part of the regular school budget. Most cities provide for the payment of pensions from the excise fund. That this awakening to teachers' needs has not come any too soon is evidenced in the severity of the criticism made by Dr. Franz Kuypers, of the German educational commission which has been visiting our country. He insists that there is not yet any profession of teaching in the United States, attributing this fact chiefly to the miserable pay in many parts of the country and to the poor social position of the teachers. Another authority of eminence who writes upon this subject is President Schurman, of Cornell. In his last Annual Report he calls attention to the small salary of the college teacher, his slow promotion, his heavy class-room work, his inability to find time for scholarly research, and the loss to education and the nation thereby. President Butler, of Columbia, wrote to his trustees in a similar strain. President Eliot's Cornell Phi Beta Kappa address is in strongest appeal for the greater economic freedom of college teachers. In this connection attention may be called to a notable article appearing in the Atlantic Monthly for April, on "The Ideal Teacher," by Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard University.

The first great step in improving the temporal conditions of college professors was the application of the Carnegie retirement fund last September. Whatever feeling of hesitation to accept the pension there may have been at first has been largely removed by the early bestowal of its benefits upon such distinguished educators as Dr. William T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education, Professor Ladd, of Yale, and Professor Young, of Princeton. "The First Annual Report of the President and Trustees of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching," which appeared in May last, is, indeed, the most important educational document of the year. When Mr. Carnegie made his liberal gift for the improvement of the condition of the college teacher, he could not have foreseen the other splendid beneficial results that would follow. In this report a "college" is defined; entrance requirements are fixed; denominational control is interpreted; and standards set in all subjects of college administration. It is impossible to calculate the good that will accrue from this incidental systemization.

The munificent gifts to education which have so conspicuously characterized American philanthropy in the recent past, have been continued throughout our country during the past year. Under the title "Five Great Gifts," several of these endowments are described elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook, while the Jeanes Foundation for the elementary education of negroes in the South has been touched upon in a former number.

The tendency upon the part of the governing authorities of the colleges and secondary schools to assume a more direct supervision of student life and activities has been manifest during the past year. The superintendents and high school principals of Chicago declared in favor of the abolition of all fraternities in the high schools of the city; and their action has been generally commended throughout the country. In college circles the most conspicuous proposal of supervision, with the special object of suppressing upper-class clubs,

comes from the President of Princeton University in his plan to import and adapt other features of the English university organization—the preceptorial or tutorial system are now in successful working. It is too early to speak of the detail or the fate of the plan, but its proposal gives import of the tendency in some quarters, at least, against *laissez faire*.

In the country's great educational staff new men are coming into the places of foremost influence. The nation is fortunate that so able, experienced, and dependable a man as Dr. Elmer E. Brown has been found to succeed Dr. William T. Harris. Professor Harry Pratt Judson has with general and hearty approval been made successor to Dr. Harper, whom he so efficiently assisted in the reorganization of the University of Chicago. Professor Harry A. Garfield is to carry another historic name back to Williams and with it an ideal type of young manhood in his own personality.

The "foreign relations" of American education during the past year have been on the whole most happy. There was one ominous cloud upon our western horizon which we hope is not to return with blacker portent. The question of the exclusion of Japanese from the regular public schools of San Francisco and their segregation in one school for Orientals threatened at one time to cause bitterness between Japan and the United States and friction between the Federal Government and the State of California. Though apparently the result of race prejudice, the question is so complicated with other considerations that the observer at a distance acts wisely in suspending judgment until thoroughly possessed of all the facts.

The threatened invasion of five hundred British teachers has become an accomplished fact, and we hope for a similar incursion soon again. If this visit results in a report similar to that of the first Mosely Commission, only good can result to the education of the United States and to that of England. Last year was the first also of the exchange of professors between Columbia and Berlin Universities under the Theodore Roosevelt Professorship of American History

and Institutions at Berlin and the Kaiser Wilhelm Professorship of German History and Institutions at Columbia. Professor Burgess, who represented Columbia in Germany, was received with great honor and made a deep impression, not only at Berlin, where he lectured steadily for six months, but at Leipzig, Vienna, Bonn, and elsewhere, to which places he was also invited. Professor Schumacher, who represented Berlin at Columbia, was received with equal cordiality. The exchange of professors between the two institutions can hardly fail of being advantageous, both to scholarship and international good feeling.

When we turn from a view of the conditions favorable to educational reform and advance in the United States, to consider conditions in Europe, we have reason for self-gratulation. In England, Mr. Birrell's Education Bill, based upon the principle that public control should follow the public tax, having passed the Commons by a large majority was rejected by the Lords. The whole matter is extremely confusing to foreigners because of the intricate details due to property interests protected by law, to local prerogatives, and to the conscientious convictions of the Church party. But the controversy has aroused an intensity of bitterness that is almost inexplicable to Americans. In France, the educational situation does not improve. The French spirit, delighting in unity and logical system, has established a complete state monopoly in education. The result has been that thousands of people who will not send their children to the State schools are compelled to send them to foreign countries owing to the suppression of the religious schools—and the bitterness grows apace. In Germany, the Prussian government during the past year has devoted all educational agencies to the process of Germanizing the Poles, and has aroused both racial and political hatreds as a result. Moreover, the reactionaries in Prussia have been successful in replacing the *Simultan Schulen*, i. e., schools in which children of different religious denominations are instructed together in all secular branches, by sectarian schools. In Russia some of the universities and

polytechnic schools have reopened, after having been closed for almost two years.



Under the Aspect of Eternity

Men suffer immense loss of reserve power for dealing with the work and problems of the time, and of deep-flowing consolation in their sorrows and anxieties, by reason of their intense absorption in the interests of the hour and their preoccupation with affairs. Never before has this present life laid hold upon conscience, thought and will with such searching and compelling force. Those who are eager to deal with life on the highest plane find it difficult to penetrate the multitude of details that press upon attention with the sense of a great order in which all things find their place and are moved to some great end. Work of such magnitude awaits capable men, and taxes thought and strength to such a degree that many men put such heroic labor into the day that night overtakes them unawares, and they awake with surprise to find that their work is only a part of a gigantic scheme of construction. Their tasks have absorbed them so completely that they have never realized their relations to a spiritual order. This is a far more fruitful way of life than that of the man who dreams of purely spiritual activities but never sets his hand to any real task or binds on his shoulders any of the burdens which humanity must carry in its mysterious journey toward the unseen country.

To preach idleness, withdrawal from the world, escape from the manifold tasks of modern society, to men who have become heroic workers by virtue of the inward force which makes them men and the outward opportunities with which God has encircled them to draw out their power and evoke character on a vast scale, is as idle as to command them to go back to the Ptolemaic astronomy or the geography that was studied before Columbus enlarged the world by the discovery of another continent. There is no solution of the problem of the soul by taking it out of its normal relations in

human society; there can be no return to the patriarchal days when men lived in tents and watched their flocks and spent their days in a vast leisure of mind; nor to those middle years in the history of the human spirit when they lived in little walled towns and served their kings and obeyed their spiritual rulers with unthinking obedience. There must be room for the spirit and time for its ripening, but these conditions must be secured not by going back but by going forward.

It would be well if the preoccupied men and women of to-day would take time to read Dante's "*Divine Comedy*;" to climb from time to time that great peak which o'ertops the poetry of the world. Probably no form of expression could be further from the habitual thought and speech of the day than this report of the journey of the soul through the three worlds; but no modern writing is so clear and authoritative in its setting of the life that now is in definite and unescapable relation to the life which is to come. In this sublime epic of the soul of man in all conditions there is no idle dreaming, no vague and easy speculation concerning the growth of the spirit and its union with God; on the contrary, the poem stands foursquare to all the winds of shifting opinion, based on an eternal order, pervaded throughout by a vivid realism. The poet escaped, by virtue of his genius, from the tyranny of types and personifications which gave unreality to much mediæval art, and built a world as solid as the Florence which drove him into exile. No other poet of the heavenly vision has dared to give his interpretation of the life of man such massive reality and none has touched it with such compelling power.

For this reason, among others, Dante is a teacher at whose feet the men and women of this busy age ought to sit; he is no master of beautiful dreams, no magician dexterously spinning a web of iridescent words over the abysses; he sees real things with clear and fearless glance, and he teaches us not to evade, to escape, to renounce, to comfort and mislead ourselves with idle visions, but to look at the great facts of life, to accept its duties, do its work, live in its relations, in the light of the world to

come. He has, as Dean Church has said, "too strong a sense of the reality of this familiar life to reduce it merely to a shadow and type of the unseen. What he struggles to express in countless ways, with all the resources of his strange and gigantic power, is, that this world and the next are both equally real, and both one." In a word, Dante saw the world "under the aspect of eternity."

In that attitude is found our escape from the tyranny of the tremendous tasks laid on the shoulders of modern men by the growth of power within and without. It is impossible to go back to the more leisurely periods when interests were few and simple; if it were possible we should not win the victory and find the peace which our souls crave. These things are not gifts from God to be had for the asking; they are achievements which we must make by conquest of ourselves and our conditions. The problem of life is never one of external conditions; it is always one of inward energy, purity, nobility. The way out for those who would live the life of the spirit in this age of tumultuous activity is through the supremacy of the spirit; it is to realize hour by hour that the life that now is and the life that is to come, however different in condition and occupation, are parts of one indivisible and unbroken life; it is to see the world steadily and clearly "under the aspect of eternity."

It does not matter how vast the works of the time are, if in accepting their reality we understand how subordinate they are in the spiritual order; it does not matter how heavy the burdens of society are if we carry them with the conviction that they are part of that spiritual discipline which is the rational and inspiring explanation of life. The world that surrounds us is not a mirage; is a deep-going and unescapable reality, and woe to the man or woman who tries to ignore it, to treat it as a figment of the imagination, to escape from it. But that which is visible is only a little section of the whole, as the earth which seems so vast to us is only a little star in a universe of suns. When a man sees through the material which piles

itself about him to the spiritual which is its master; when he rules all the works of his hands by virtue of the sovereignty of his soul; puts his hand to his task and gives his whole strength to it because it is a reality in vital relation with a greater reality; gains wealth with full knowledge that money can buy many things for his body, but nothing for his spirit; organizes great enterprises, with clear understanding that he is the servant of an irresistible movement in human affairs, he is safe from the blindness, corruption, deadness of mere material activity and achievement; he has learned to see life "under the aspect of eternity."



The Spectator

The Spectator recalls a Fourth of July spent in Wiesbaden many years ago, when a little group of people sallied forth from the hotel early in the morning for the purpose of finding some small flags with which they could decorate themselves, and thus make their identity as Americans known to all who looked their way. After laborious effort on the part of the shop-keeper, some cheap little flags were unearthed—or, more properly speaking, unboxed—and brought out to the light of day. Not pretty to look at from an artistic sense, they yet answered the purpose of the party, and on through the day a spirit of comradeship existed among all those who wore in their button-holes, or had fastened in their hats, that tiny emblem—the red, white and blue of America. The Spectator felt the significance of that flag as never before, and the impression which an impromptu celebration in a foreign land made upon his mind has never been effaced. He believes it a good thing that different points of view can be obtained on any subject from different locations or among different people; hence the advantages of travel in bringing into fresh light the very things which, perhaps, had become commonplace in one's own home. Yet the Spectator confesses that since that celebration in Wiesbaden the "glorious Fourth" has been a day of seclusion for him—a getting away from the noisy

sounds which betoken the patriotism of the small boy. But this year the Spectator was a participant in another Fourth of July celebration, which will stand side by side with the Wiesbaden day, and perhaps, in a measure, redeem his indifference to patriotic duties through the long intervening years.



With the thermometer rising day by day until it reached the point of 103 degrees on the morning of the Fourth of July, 1907, the Spectator felt a corresponding drop in his patriotism. Yet from the time he had seen the announcement in the Los Angeles papers that the New England Society of Southern California would hold a picnic in Eastlake Park, he felt a vague desire to attend. The Spectator had no idea of committing himself to an all-day picnic, but thought he could take a car ride in the direction of the park, hear the music from a respectful distance, and, standing on the outside of the crowd, perhaps catch a sentence or two of the speeches of the day. If the Spectator were to analyze this latent feeling of curiosity which prompted him to brave the oven-like heat, he has to confess that he was attracted by a spirit of kinship to these New England people who have made their home in this Pacific Coast city, and have organized an association for the purpose of keeping alive in their hearts, as well as in the hearts of their native-born sons and daughters, the love for their old New England home.



The almost deserted streets in the heart of the city, with the closed stores, gave evidence of a holiday, while the constant banging of the caps placed on the car-tracks would tell any one, not too deaf, just the nature of this particular holiday. At the various street-corners, crowds of people entered the car, all bound for a picnic somewhere, if not for the special one toward which the Spectator was traveling. Remarks on the weather were heard, all pointing to the fact that this excessive heat was something "unusual," but the Spectator has learned his lesson in regard to these "unusual" conditions in California. He

has found that all phases of weather not pleasing to the new-comer, be it extreme heat or cold, too much rain or not enough, wind, frost, or fog, are classed as "unusual." As the Spectator experienced exactly the same degree of heat in Oregon last year on the Fourth, he must believe that the State of California has no monopoly on anything, not even the weather. With a calm philosophy that a really true New Englander ought not to mind such a little discomfort as "103 in the shade," he journeyed on toward the picnic.



This very attractive park, with its growth of palms, pepper and eucalyptus trees, its band-stand on the border of the lake, with platform for speakers and comfortable seats for an audience, is the special rendezvous for picnic parties. Various State gatherings are frequently held there, one day claiming former residents of Iowa, and another day calling for the families from Illinois, or other States, to come and celebrate, but this was to be a *New England* picnic—a gathering of people from the thirteen original colonies who felt, pre-eminently, their right to celebrate the Fourth of July. As the Spectator entered the park he caught the sound of the orator's voice, and naturally went in the direction of the speakers' platform; he saw the up-turned faces of the audience all intent on catching every word that was uttered, and when the speech was followed by the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," the Spectator speedily forgot his determination to tarry on the edge of the crowd, or to saunter by in leisurely fashion. The spirit of the day, as well as the spirit of his kinship to his old New England, was upon him. He neither tarried on the outside nor sauntered by, but at once betook himself to the heart of that audience and looked for a vacant seat. And right there he tarried.



On the platform were ministers, doctors, lawyers, and men of no degree, each having a subject assigned him upon which to speak. To the Spectator's surprise, there was no State sectionalism

displayed, nor, in fact, was New England and all it stood for unduly lauded, but the main thought pervading the speeches was the broader patriotism for the country as a whole. As one speaker said: "We perhaps take pride in being called 'Yankees,' and we have a right to be proud of that fact; but let an enemy arise in any corner of this broad land of ours and every man forgets whether he is from the North or the South, the East or the West, and knows only one thing, that he is an *American*." In an effusion somewhat poetical, reference was made to the feeling that existed from "the woods of the Aroostook to the meadows of Saco," and at this point the Spectator looked about him to see what manner of trees were substituted for the "woods of the Aroostook" there in that California park. He saw only the smooth, pole-like trunks of the Eucalyptus tree, whose scanty leaves gave very poor shade to that heated audience; but these loyal residents of California had for the time being travelled back to the more abundant shade of New England oaks, maples and elms, and were not conscious of any discrepancy.



Besides the addresses referred to, the Declaration of Independence was read from beginning to end, and the Spectator sat spell-bound as one sentence after another was hurled at him by the magnetic voice of the man delivering it. Not since the school-days of the Spectator, many, many years ago, has it meant so much to him, and the idea possessed him that for a daily oratorical drill nothing could be better than the learning of this masterpiece, the very rehearsal of which would cause one's dormant patriotism to rise to fever heat. "The Sword of Bunker Hill" was brought to life again, and "Home, Sweet Home" confirmed the former conviction of the Spectator that the latter should be sung only when one is seated at his own hearth-stone, his family about him, with due compassion for the wanderer outside his gates, but should never be indulged in by the wanderer himself. For a wanderer to sing with any degree of heartiness that song which arouses all the homesickness of which his nature is

capable is another matter, and wholly out of the province of the Spectator.

The Spectator looked over the audience and tried to discern some typical sign which would mark them as New Englanders, but except for the fluttering ribbon pinned on the coat or dress of each person, the Spectator could not have picked out the man or woman from Maine or New Hampshire as of any different stamp or quality from his Missouri neighbor who had dropped in, as the Spectator had, to see what was being done. Perhaps in their early days, a difference would have been distinguishable, but if any had ever existed, it had been erased in this wonderful California climate—said climate not being applicable to the day on which this New England picnic was held. Turning to a very serious-looking lady beside him, the Spectator said "I know that you are still a little homesick." "Indeed, I am not," the lady replied, "I have had time in nineteen years to get over all that," but be-

lieving that the sad look in her face was not all due to his imagination, the Spectator concluded that she agreed with him as to the singing of "Home, Sweet Home" in *public* places.

An adjournment to the tables, where boxes were opened and coffee was served, brought about general sociability, and in the Spectator's case, at least, no introductions were necessary. He told the parson from Massachusetts who spoke upon "The Flag" that he never heard a better address, and complimented the doctor from Maine on his fine rendering of the Declaration of Independence: he accepted baked beans and Indian pudding from the wife of a Vermont lawyer, and sandwiches from his own Connecticut neighbors, and grateful indeed was he that his vague impulse had ended in so pleasant a reality. The thermometer continued on its upward journey, but its existence was forgotten by the Spectator and his New England kinsmen.

THE SOUTH AND EDUCATION: A RECORD OF PROGRESS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE educational progress which has been made in the Southern States is without parallel in the educational history of the world. It is not my purpose in this article to verify this statement by an accurate comparison of conditions as they existed in 1867 with the conditions as they exist to-day, but only to illustrate it by contrasting personal impressions derived from a visit made to the Southern States directly upon the close of the Civil War, and from some share in their educational new birth, with impressions derived from more recent visits, especially one in the spring and one in the fall of 1906.

The close of the Civil War left the Southern States bankrupt. They fought with persistent courage until their resources were all exhausted and the conflict could be kept up no longer. The

surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court-House, his refusal to continue a useless guerrilla warfare, the spirit in which he surrendered his sword to General Grant, and the spirit in which that surrender was received, created a revolution of feeling in the North. The sentiment of loyalty which animated the great majority of the Northern people in the war for the preservation of the Union created in peace a desire to promote that union by processes of healing and help. The American Union Commission was called into existence by the Rev. Joseph B. Thompson, of New York, organized somewhat on the pattern of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions which had co-operated with the army during the war. Its object was to aid the South in its process of rehabilitation, and it lent its aid to all classes, without regard to race,

color, or previous condition of servitude. I was called from my Western parish to be the executive head of the Commission; accepted the call; and as preparation for my work made a flying visit to portions of the South—going in the southwest as far as Nashville, and in the southeast as far as Richmond. Were I a literary painter, I should stop here to depict the pathetic scene I witnessed in the latter city when Sherman's army marched through its deserted streets, with their rude camp equipage, their worn and often tattered garments, and bearing witness to the engagements through which they had passed in the fragments of flags which the shots of the enemy had left fluttering upon the banner-poles. Here and there in the city some Unionist bolder than his fellows hung out an American flag, but with rare exceptions every shutter was closed, every house silent, and the streets deserted.

The assassination of Abraham Lincoln in April, 1865, dulled the growing feeling of good will in the North evoked by peace, and revived and intensified the feeling of bitterness created by the war. It made the work of the American Freedmen's Union Commission very difficult, and for a while that organization was more a missionary in the North preaching peace and good will than it was a missionary in the South ministering to the wants and binding up the wounds produced by the war. For a time all the interest of the North was centered in giving aid to the emancipated slaves, and the Freedmen's Commissions, of which there were several, flourished. But a sound principle is always good capital, and the principle of the American Union Commission to treat both races and all classes alike was fundamentally sound; eventually it won its way to popular favor, and the various Freedmen's Commissions and the American Union Commissions were united in one organization based upon the principle of disregarding race and color distinctions. The new organization bore the conjoint title of American Freedmen's Union Commission. When, in the summer of 1867, the great International Exhibition was held in Paris, the anti-slavery societies of Great Britain, Spain, and France united

in calling an International Conference of the friends of the anti-slavery cause to be held in the month of August. At this Conference attended representatives from all communities interested in the progress and results of emancipation. In response to a request from the organizers of this International Conference, a report of the results of emancipation in the United States of America was prepared by a committee of the American Freedmen's Union Commission, of which Chief Justice Chase was the President. A copy of this pamphlet lies before me as I write, and to it I refer, as a witness is allowed to do in judicial proceedings, "to refresh my recollection."

Before the Civil War there was no general public educational system in the Southern States, except, perhaps, in North Carolina.¹ In some popular centers there were free schools; in some localities academies and colleges; and in many, perhaps most, of the States some provision was made for the education of the poor white children on evidence that they were not able to pay for their tuition. The education was furnished, so to speak, *in forma pauperis*. But the fundamental conception which underlies the public school system was not entertained in the Southern States. That conception is that the State is a family, whose duty it is to provide for the education of all its children, rich or poor, out of a common fund and according to a common standard. The conception of the State which prevailed in the South is well interpreted by the declaration in the Constitution of Alabama that "the sole and only legitimate end of govern-

¹The statement that in the South prior to the war there was no true public school system, in the modern sense of that term, has been called in question by some Southern writers. The difficulty of getting an accurate view of the case is well stated by Professor C. W. Dyer in his monograph, "Democracy in the South before the Civil War." "A failure to draw a clear distinction between public schools and State public schools, and public free schools and private free schools, and free education for certain classes in private schools and public schools, has been the cause of much confusion and of great misunderstanding on the whole question of public education in the United States." There was provision for free education in the South prior to the Civil War, but, so far as I have been able to ascertain, outside of North Carolina there was no common school system by which provision was made and practically carried into effect for the education of rich and poor without payment for tuition in schools wholly supported by the State, and the provision in North Carolina was dependent on local action and was carried into effect only to a very limited extent.

ment is to protect the citizen in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property, and when the government assumes other functions it is usurpation and oppression." Of course there was not and could not be any systematic education of the negro children. In some of the States education of the slave children was prohibited by law; on the other hand, on some plantations philanthropic Christian women made some attempt to educate the children at least of the house servants. But in the main the children of the negro race were permitted to grow up in ignorance.

Moreover, education in any kind of schools was rendered difficult by the nature of the social organization. There were a few cities in which good schools could be maintained, and a few colleges whose intellectual standards were high, though their equipment was inadequate, because their endowments were insufficient. But village life was comparatively rare, and the great plantations and the widely scattered homes made support of institutions of learning for the younger children in rural communities difficult if not impossible. In the well-to-do families the children were educated chiefly by governesses or tutors, or by their parents, or by older brothers and sisters. The present ideal of women's education was unknown in any part of the country. Vassar College, the oldest college for women in the United States with a curriculum approximating that of colleges for men, was not incorporated until 1861. In the South, even more than in the North, the ideals for woman's education were little advanced from those in England at the close of the eighteenth century, and there was little provision made for her education in anything but primary studies, the domestic arts, and the so-called "accomplishments." As to industrial education in the modern sense of that term, it was not known anywhere in the country, North or South.

The war did nothing to promote and much to impair such educational institutions as had existed in the South prior to the war. The school buildings had been turned into hospitals or stables, or used as armories or warehouses, or simply abandoned and allowed to fall into

ill repair, or had been burned by accident or design. The permanent school funds were almost entirely destroyed, and with them had gone practically whatever provision had previously existed for the education of the children of the poor. Such endowments as had existed were very generally swept away, and the students from the institutions of higher learning for men had either volunteered or been conscripted for the war. The University of Virginia, which had six hundred students in 1861, had but forty in 1863. Secondary schools had suffered less than the higher institutions of learning, but all were in some degree involved in the general ruin produced by the devastations of a four years' war. In one respect only had the war given to education an impetus. With the progress of the Northern armies, even before emancipation, negroes escaping from their masters, and recognized by the North as contraband of war, had flocked around the standards of the invading armies. Sometimes under the direction of soldiers or officers, sometimes under the direction of benevolent societies from the North, schools were organized in connection with these contraband camps. These first schools were held in deserted churches, in abandoned hospitals, in private houses temporarily occupied under military authority, in old sheds, under the shelter of a tree, and in one case in a dismantled bomb-proof. The books in the beginning were little better than the buildings, the schools depending largely upon voluntary contributions of old and sometimes obsolete school books from the North. The children were taught sometimes by privates or subordinate officers volunteering their services, sometimes by volunteer teachers sent from the North; sometimes the negroes organized private schools in which persons of their own race acted as teachers, who were in many cases little more than blind leaders of the blind. Out of such unpromising beginnings as these General Armstrong organized Hampton Institute, the leavening influence of which has extended throughout the whole Nation, North as well as South. Not always, however, were the facilities and the equip-

ment so inadequate. In some localities, as in parts of Louisiana, under Major-Generals Banks and Butler, school systems were established, the expenses of which were provided for by military taxation. When finally, in 1865, the Freedmen's Bureau was organized, a Bureau superintendent of schools was appointed and an effort was made to bring these sporadic attempts for the education of the negro into something like an organized system. But nothing had as yet been accomplished in this direction when, in the summer of 1865, I made my visit to Richmond.

The educational condition of the South at the close of the war, then, may be thus summed up in a paragraph. The laws against negro schools had been abolished by emancipation and some negro schools had been established, but the feeling against the education of the negro dominated the South. When the protection of the army was withdrawn, the school-houses were in several instances burned and the school-teachers mobbed and driven away. When open violence was not practiced, the "nigger teachers" were ostracized. They generally found it difficult, often impossible, to secure board in reputable white families. Nor was this prejudice confined to the South. One of the early freedmen societies of the North was rent asunder by the unwillingness of a part of its members to co-operate in any movement looking to the education of the negro, though they were willing to provide him with food and clothing. The first legislative provision for the free education of the negroes that I have been able to find was in the District of Columbia, where the school tax on the colored population was appropriated for their schools. The introduction of a public school system for the whites met also at first with serious opposition from four sources: political opposition, upon the ground that it is not the function of a State to carry on the work of education; ecclesiastical opposition, on the ground that the State can furnish only secular education, and education should be religious; social opposition, not the less powerful because not clearly expressed, against any attempt to educate

the lower classes lest it should unfit them for their position; and, finally, economic opposition, based on the poverty of the South and its real or fancied inability to tax itself for school purposes. To these difficulties in the way of a new educational system were added the overthrow of the old educational system by the destruction of the school buildings, the loss of the school endowments, and the death in many instances of the best teachers and educational leaders.

Forty years have passed since then. To-day there is not a single Southern State which has not a public school system, nor a single State which does not provide for the education of both races on substantially equal terms. The effort has been made again and again to induce the South to divide the school taxes, appropriating those received from the negroes to the education of the negroes, those received from the whites to the education of the whites. Every time this proposition has been made it has been voted down. It is true that the negro schools are not as good as the white schools. This is partly because the negro teachers have not behind them that educational preparation that only inheritance can give; partly because a school is made by its pupils as well as by its teachers, and the pupils have no educational inheritance. But the fact remains that while Northern benevolence has sent tens of thousands of dollars into the South to educate the negroes, Southern patriotism has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars for the same purpose. This has been done voluntarily and without aid from the Federal Government. My experience leads me to the conviction that any person visiting any Southern community and asking to see the schools will be taken by his Southern host to schools for the negroes as well as to the schools for the whites, and will be shown the one with as much pride and pleasure as the other. I recall several such instances in my own experience. Notable among them is one in which I was taken by a Southern gentleman in Nashville to see its two great universities, Vanderbilt University for the whites, Fisk University for the negroes, both regarded with equal local

pride as the two great educational institutions of the city.

This pride is fully justified. Hampton Institute, created by the inspiring enthusiasm of General Armstrong, developed by the organizing genius of Dr. Frissell, is an industrial school which might well serve as a model for every State in the Union. Here a negro boy may come without a dollar in his pocket, may spend four years in preparation for life, may earn his own livelihood during those four years, and may go out equipped for a successful industry, unburdened by a debt and perhaps having accumulated a little capital. He spends the first year as a hand worker, paying for his food, lodging, and clothing by his industry and doing a little school work at night. He is able thus out of his wages to lay by money enough to carry him through the second year, when his apprentice work as a carpenter, or a mason, or a wagon-builder, or a blacksmith cannot be made remunerative. During the last two years his industry pays for the expenses of his livelihood while he is both learning his trade and acquiring the rudiments of a general education. Thus Hampton does for its pupils what the State does for its youth. The parents provide for the food, clothing, and shelter of their children, the State provides for their education; in Hampton the pupil is enabled to provide for his own food, clothing, and shelter, and Hampton gives him his tuition. The South contributes to making this result possible. There are more demands from the South for Hampton graduates than Hampton can supply. The doors to self-supporting industry are all open in the South to the trained negro. This is more than can be said for the North. One Hampton graduate, a skilled mason, coming to New York last year, found himself forbidden to do mason work because he was not a member of the Union, and forbidden to join the Union because he was a negro. Finally, as a special favor, he got a chance as a mason's assistant.

Out of Hampton has grown Tuskegee. Last spring this extraordinary product of American democracy celebrated its quarter centennial. Twenty-five years ago the State of Alabama—let the North-

ern reader note that it was the State of Alabama which called this institution into existence—appropriated two thousand dollars to start an industrial and normal institute for negroes, and sent to Hampton for a principal. Hampton responded to the request by sending Booker T. Washington, who began the school with a handful of pupils in what was little more than a shed. To-day the institution possesses twenty-three hundred acres of land, ninety buildings, over twelve hundred pupils, over one hundred and fifty teachers, an aggregate endowment, including its real estate, of over two millions in value; has sent out to serviceable life in the South six thousand men and women, two thousand of whom are engaged in teaching; and has produced, as the famous banyan-tree produces, a new tree by its roots—sixteen incorporated schools animated by its spirit and extending its work. President Eliot, in his address at the quarter-centenary of Tuskegee, said that it had acquired more in the first twenty-five years of its existence than Harvard acquired in its first two hundred years. In view of this statement, I do not think it is any exaggeration to affirm that no other country and no other epoch has ever seen so striking a growth of a single educational institution through almost wholly private benevolence, chiefly bestowed in moderate sums. In its genesis, its organization, its teaching force, the sources of its endowment, and the service which it has rendered, Tuskegee is a monument to democracy.

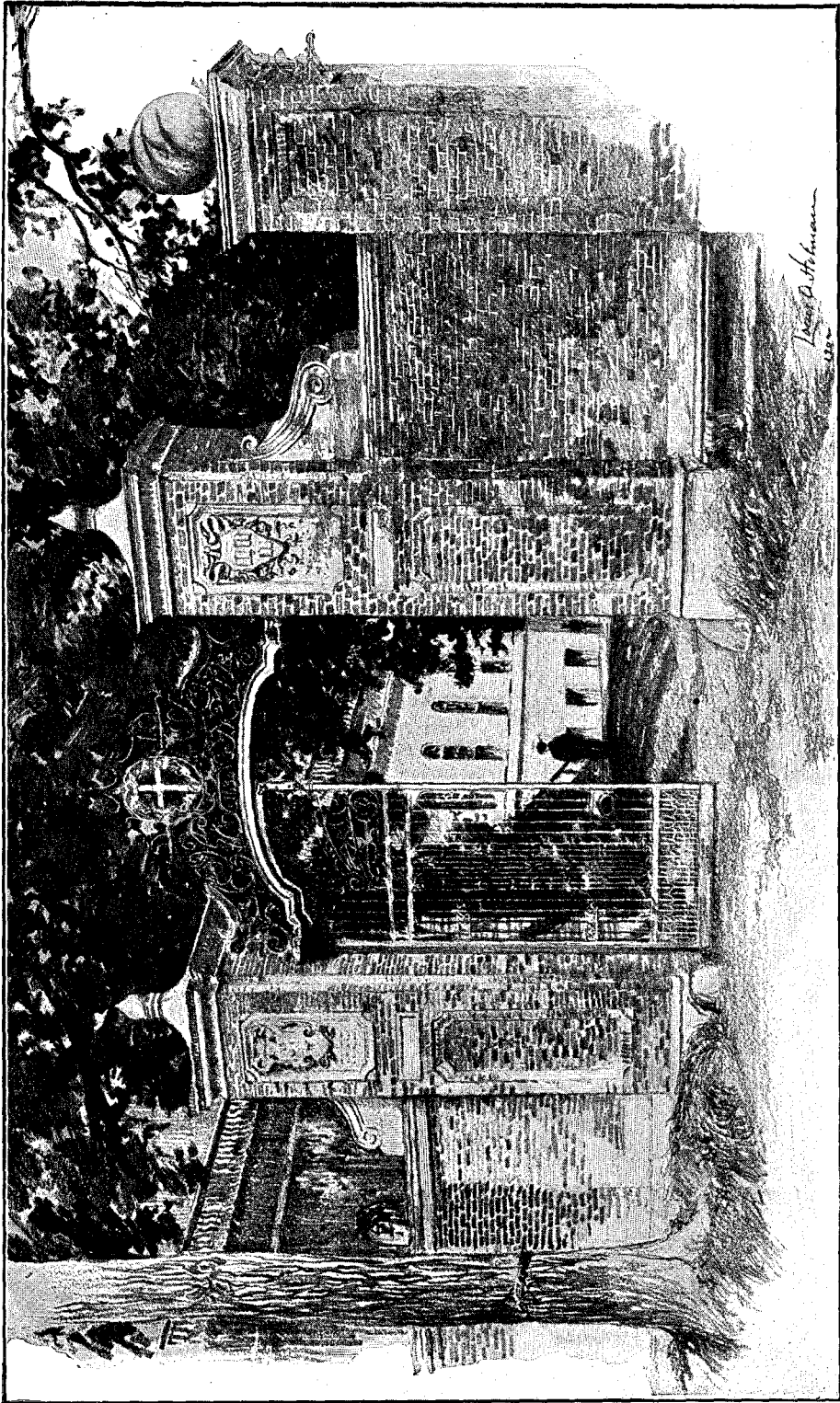
It is, however, not only nor chiefly in its initiation and maintenance of a public school system, nor in the special schools for the negroes, of which Hampton and Tuskegee are notable illustrations, that the educational progress of the South is seen; in its higher institutions of learning that progress is equally marked. I was asked to give a course of lectures last December in certain colleges in North and South Carolina. The mere fact that eight or ten colleges in these two States unite to secure each year one or more lecturers from outside the State, coming to them in succession, indicates a kind of educational enthusiasm which has not, so far as I know,

a parallel in the North. It is as if Yale and Trinity and Middletown and Smith and Amherst and Williams and Dartmouth and Worcester and Harvard should combine to bring over from England or Germany a lecturer to make a tour of these colleges and universities. I see no reason why they should not do so, but I do not remember that they have ever done so. This is what the colleges of North and South Carolina are doing. How numerous and prosperous these higher institutions of learning are in these two States may perhaps best be indicated by the following itinerary, though I place the institutions here in a little different order from that in which I visited them. At Chapel Hill, North Carolina, is the State University; ten miles from it, at Durham, is Trinity College; twenty-six miles east is Raleigh, where there is a girls' school for whites giving approximately a college education, and a school and university combined for negroes; sixteen miles east of Raleigh is Wake Forest, another successful college for whites; returning, fifty-five miles west of Durham is the State Normal School at Greensboro; four and a half hours' ride on the railway from Greensboro is an industrial and collegiate institute for girls at Rock Hill, South Carolina; four and a half hours from Rock Hill, at Spartanburg, are two colleges, one for boys and one for girls; sixty-two miles south from Spartanburg, at Calhoun, South Carolina, is an agricultural and mechanical college for men; and thirty-one miles north of Calhoun, at Greenville, are two collegiate institutes for girls.

I suppose all these colleges are poor. I never have known and never have heard of a college that was not poor. The more pupils, the more land, the more buildings, the more endowment it has, the poorer it is. This is a paradox which I will not stop to explain. But all these colleges and collegiate institutions have all the pupils that they can take care of, and most of them are turning pupils away. All have excellent faculties, all are doing admirable work, and the educational standard of them all is, so far as I could judge, of the best. It is certainly true that it is no longer

necessary (as by many Southerners it was thought to be before the war) for either Southern boy or Southern girl to go to the North to secure an education. It is probably true that no Southern university (unless Johns Hopkins be regarded as Southern) has yet established post-graduate courses which rival those of Harvard, Yale, Chicago, and Bryn Mawr. It is probably true, also, that there are certain specialties in undergraduate work in which Southern universities do not parallel the older universities of the North. But comparing the conditions as they existed in 1867 with the conditions as they exist in 1907, I think, if he is unprejudiced, the reader will agree that the comparison justifies my statement that the educational development of the South in the last forty years is without parallel in the educational history of the world.

Here this semi-reminiscent article might properly come to its close, but I cannot close it without a simple and brief recognition of the service which has been rendered by great educational leaders in the South, to whose energy, enthusiasm, and sacrifice this revolution in conditions is due. The Outlook has from time to time mentioned their service, and the story of their work need not therefore be repeated here, nor could it be even in outline. It must be enough to enter on this roll of honor the names of men too little known throughout the Nation, whose services as builders of their country overtops that of many men more trumpeted by fame: Dr. J. L. M. Curry, of Virginia; Chancellor Walter Barnard Hill, of Georgia; Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia; Dr. Charles D. McIver, of North Carolina; Dr. John C. Kilgo, President of Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina; and, last but by no means the least, General Robert E. Lee, who, laying down the sword and taking up the pen, by the homage which he paid to popular education when he accepted the presidency of Washington and Lee University, set an example which has proved an inspiration, first to his own State, then to all the Southern States, and lastly and too tardily to the whole Nation.



THE JOHNSTON GATE, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE COLLEGE CLOSE

BY GEORGE HODGES

Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN



GARGOYLE, THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

WHEN a student from the Abbey School at Fountains went up to Oxford to the Cistercian College of St. Bernard—now St. John's—he found himself in the midst of familiar surroundings.

The College turned its back upon the town and shut itself in behind stone walls, like a monastery. Entrance was by the groined hallway of the dormitory between stout gates which were tight locked at night. The quadrangle within had the refectory on one side, the chapel on another, the library on the third. Out of the quadrangle, which was paved with stone, one passed by a further portal into an inclosed garden, where great trees threw their gentle shadows over pleasant lawns, and there were masses of flowers, and seats in shady places and in the corners of the vine-covered walls. The chapel bells rang the hours of prayer, and there were processions of surpliced persons with gleam-

ing hoods, and the organ accompanied the sound of chanting voices. It is true that there were lessons to get, and examinations to be undergone, and papers to be written, and books to be read; yet the life of the College, like its architecture, was essentially monastic. The ordered day of the student resembled the ordered day of the monk.

I suppose that, on the whole, it was a mighty pleasant day. There was a dignity about it which appealed to the romantic soul of youth. There was a strain of fascination in it which eludes our best attempts at expression, but is understood, after a fashion, even at this distance, by those who stand among the ancient buildings or sit under the old trees, and see young men come in and out in caps and gowns, and hear the anthem gently pervading the place like a sweet odor, at evensong. And human nature was the same then as now, and boys at college were boys at college, even under monastic regulations. Some of them were intending presently to be monks in good earnest, but that consideration did not seriously depress their spirits. Even monks in excellent standing were known to waken their drowsy neighbors in the course of the long, dark psalms of matins by holding a candle so that the hot, melted wax should drip down the back of the sleeper's neck. The young men at St. Bernard's no doubt did more amusing things than that.

It is true that some of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge began as boarding-houses. That is, the heart of the college was a group of students dwelling under the same roof, studying out of the same book, and eating at the same table. Out of this association the college grew. In such a case the original college close was the back yard of the boarding house. But the dominant type, which determined both the architecture and the position of the academic buildings, was the monastery.

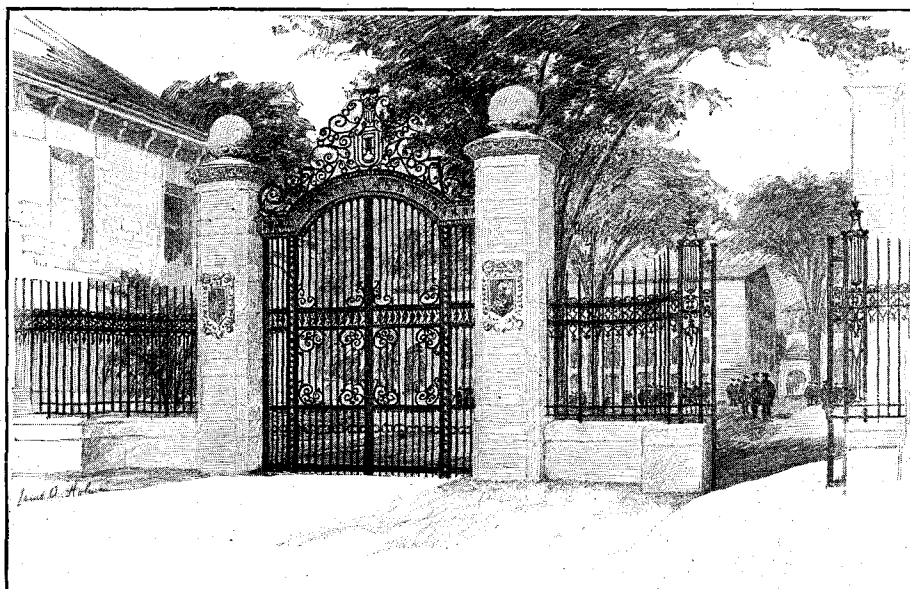
The close came from the cloister. And, coming from the cloister, it represented various ideas which the heads and founders of the colleges took over from the priors and abbots. One of these was the idea of community life, wherein men

should combine together in an intimate and profitable brotherhood. Another was the idea of seclusion from the world; partly in order to get away from the world, but still more in order to deepen and enrich the privilege and intimacy of the life which was thus secluded. Of course there was also a strong sense of the kinship of learning with religion, in the conviction that study is best maintained and most likely to be fruitful when it is interspersed with prayer and praise. But all of these ideas met in the theory that the blessings of the college, like the blessings of the monastery, were in the fact of residence.

The main thing was to live there; to spend a term of years in such a community, thus delightfully secluded, under the influences which flow from the companionship of devout and learned teachers and of fellow-students having kindred interests and purposes. If, in the course of such a residence, a student acquired a fair stock of useful information, and got a gentlemanly acquaintance with the Latin language, and improved his mind, so much to the good. But this was incidental. The supreme intention of the college was to cultivate a certain type of character, to train men to tell the truth, to be brave, to be courteous, and to understand each other. The

college course was a novitiate through which one passed into the society of educated men.

This is still suggested at Harvard, in the formulas which are used by the president in the conferring of degrees; but at Oxford and Cambridge it is stated with much frankness. A Fellow of either of these universities will place the common-room on a level with the class-room, and put the college close between, in his definition of the college. And if you ask him what he as a Fellow is particularly for—*Ad quid venisti, Bernarde?*—and exactly what he does for a living, he will tell you with a cheerful countenance that the chief service which he renders to the university is the contribution of his personal presence. His business as a Fellow is to live in the college; to read pleasant books in the intervals of irresponsible leisure; now and then, if the spirit moves him, to write a book himself; to dine in the hall; and to sit under a shady tree in the college close. He has apparently as little to do with either teaching or learning as Jane Austen's parsons have to do with the work of the ministry. In this he modestly depreciates the activity of his academic service, but in the main he states the matter as it is. The college is an experience, and he is a part of the experience.

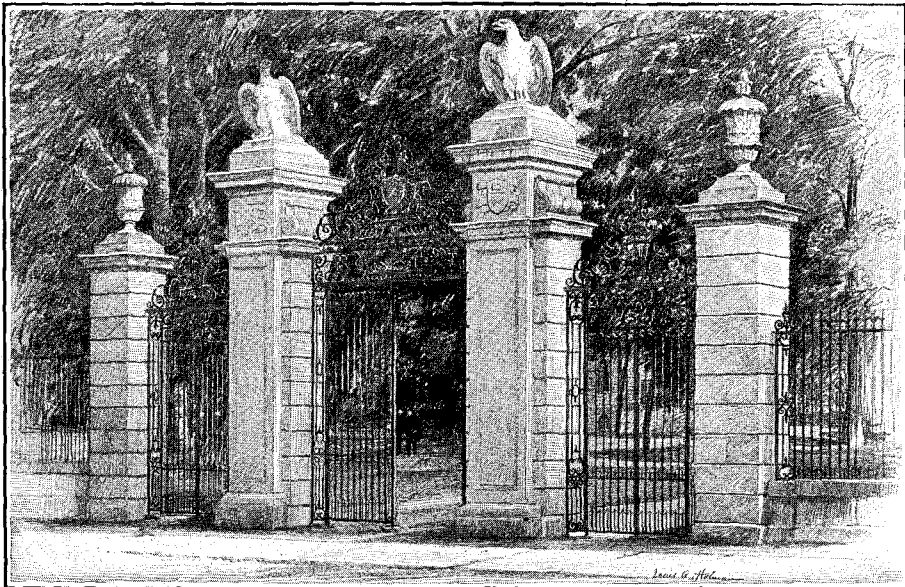


THE FARNAM GATE AT YALE UNIVERSITY

For example, Mr. Benson, in his charming essays "From a College Window," speaking of the change from the life of a schoolmaster to that of a Fellow, and noting among his new possessions "my small and beautiful college, rich with all kinds of ancient and venerable traditions, in buildings of humble and subtle grace," and "the little dark-roofed chapel where I have a stall of my own; the galleried hall, with its armorial glass; the low, book-lined library; the paneled combination-room, with its dim portraits of old worthies," exclaims, "How sweet a setting for a quiet life!" "Then, too," he adds, "I have my own spacious room, with a peaceful outlook into a big close, half orchard, half garden, with bird-haunted thickets and immemorial trees, bounded by a slow river." This is from the chapter which is entitled "The Point of View," and it shows the place from which the point of view is taken—a still place, green as Eden, peaceful as the tops of the hills, unperturbed by the noise of the world, free from trivial interruption, sacred to study and serene meditation. A college is rendering a substantial service to the best welfare of a community when it provides such a place from which to observe the course of human life. Surroundings such as these make, it must be agreed, an appro-

priate residence for wisdom and sane counsel.

The American college was first planted in the woods. The situation is graphically described in the memorial sentences over the stage in Sanders Theater, at Harvard—*Hic in silvestribus, et incultis locis*. A familiar picture of William and Mary College—next in age to the university at Cambridge—shows two cows grazing in the campus. The site in either case was rural to the last degree. But there was no close. There was no contrast between the green seclusion of the cloister and the dust and confusion of an outside world. On one side the forest, on the other side the field, touched the doors and windows of the academic buildings. Civilization then and long after had its symbol in an ax. The ancient ax, which the lictor bore before the magistrate at Rome, was again dominant in New England, but the lictor's bundle of rods had become a cord of wood. The thing to do with trees was to cut them down. The critical necessity was a "clearing." The time came, indeed, when the graduating class had a "tree day," or an "ivy day," and tried to get things to grow around the straight walls of the brick structures which Lowell called the "factories of the muses." But for many years the main reason for



THE FITZ-RANDOLPH GATE AT PRINCETON UNIVERSITY



THE HULL GATEWAY, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

trees in the college yard was that nobody had as yet been enterprising or frugal enough to cut them down. The subtle difference between the words "shrubs"

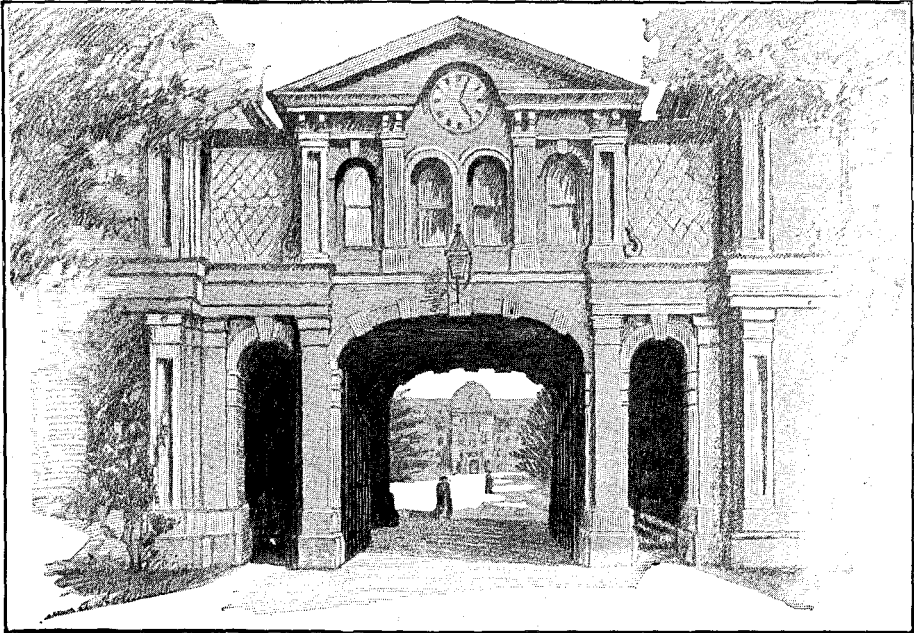
and "brush" illustrates the point of view.

And, anyhow, seclusion was felt to be undemocratic. The college was public

property. The State—*i. e.*, all-of-us—had helped to erect and maintain it, and all-of-us had therefore a good right to walk across the grounds, either on the grass or off, as we chose. There might be a mild form of fence, but it was for the boys to sit on, or to discourage the cows, not to keep us out.

Then the town grew and the college grew. And the town, as it increased, crowded about the college, until it simply had to be shut out, for the most obvious reasons. I remember hearing the late Mr. William E. Dodge speak of the

sented the considerable progress which had been made, let us say since 1852, when Harvard and Yale, on Lake Winnepesaukee, rowed their first race, and on the day before neither crew touched an oar for fear of blistering their hands. But many of the interruptions arose from the stress of conducting an institution of learning under difficult conditions. The rapid and perplexing increase in the number of students was a serious factor in the situation. Thus professors were attending meetings of committees when they ought to have been improving



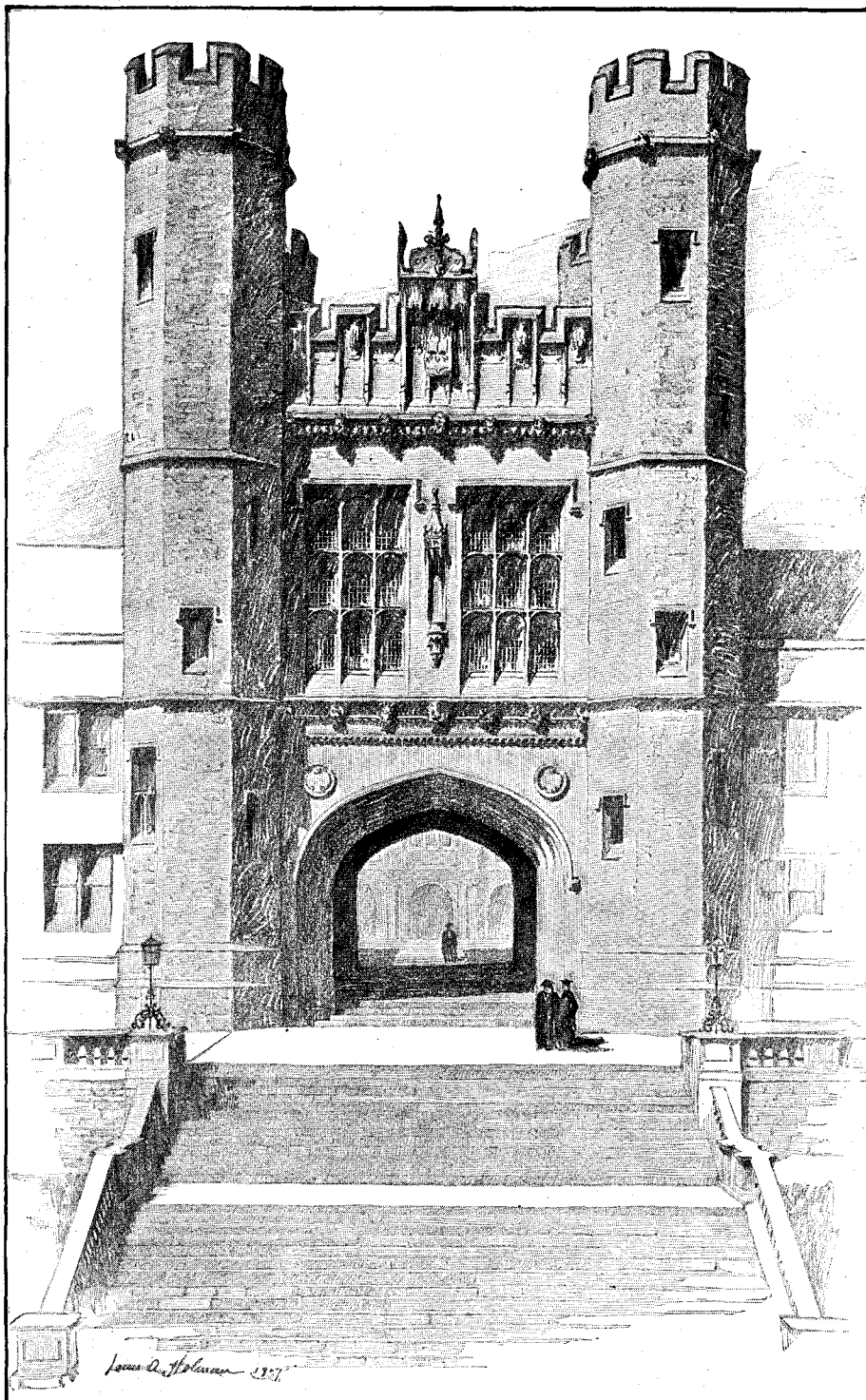
THE LODGE GATEWAY, VASSAR COLLEGE

Congress of Religions at the World's Fair as a prayer-meeting in the corner of a circus tent. If there is to be a prayer-meeting in the corner of a circus tent, it is well, for the sake of the souls of the faithful, to interpose some sort of barrier between the circus and the sanctuary. The college president felt the same way about the college in the lively town. When he went to England, he looked with envy at the college gates.

At the same time the college, as it grew, developed a confusion of its own, and provided for itself a whole new series of distractions. Some of these were connected with athletics, and repre-

their minds or refreshing their souls. And the students had so many engagements, in class-rooms and other places, that they had no leisure. The quiet of the place was invaded. The habit of reading for fun was gravely threatened with extinction. The characteristic life of the college, its peace, its tranquil hours, its cheerful yesterdays, its sweet friendships, its spaces for meditation—all this was impoverished.

Thus the need is felt of somehow bringing back the emphasis from activity to experience. How shall we continue to exalt the lecture and the recitation and the marking system and the stand



THE TOWER AND ARCHWAY OF UNIVERSITY
HALL, WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

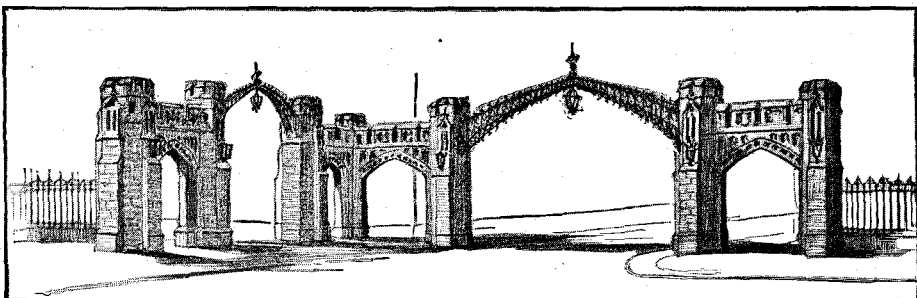
ards of scholarship, and yet do it in such a way as to keep the college life fine and rich and worth while? It is true that some of the buildings—the older ones—look, as Lowell said, like factories. How shall we keep them from being like factories within? How shall we hold the line true between the stress of work and that plain human tendency of which Emerson said, "Every man is as lazy as he dares to be"? For the idea of the college as eminently a place of residence is a theory whose practice is beset with perils. There is a pensive receptivity, indiscriminating and idle, which, while it makes the life of the college unendingly cheerful, does not render it sufficiently profitable. One remembers the enthusiastic young woman who wrote home from Venice, "Every afternoon I spend on the Grand Canal—drinking it all in!" That is, the educator has to deal with two classes of the scholastic population: with those who are disposed to work so hard at books or games that they have no time to live the life, and with those who are inclined to occupy themselves with drinking it all in.

It is this perplexity which, more or less consciously, is behind the new interest in the college close. It is for the solution of these academic problems that the college is turning its newest buildings with their backs to the street, and is erecting high barriers of iron palings and brick posts and imposing gates, and is surrounding itself with inclosed gardens. For the effect of all this is gently to invite men to seclusion, and the dignities of privilege, and the delights of quiet. So long as the dormitory is a tenement, men will live in the street: that is the way of the tenement. But when the

dormitory takes on an aspect of cultivated life, with lawns about it, and flowering shrubs under the windows, and clumps of chrysanthemums against the tall fence, and immemorial trees, these influences summon men with pipes and books to sit in the shade and talk and read and dream. These occupations are not amenable to ordinary rule; they cannot be rewarded with marks nor enforced by proctors. They go along with the college close.

Thus at Columbia, while one gets a wide view from the high stone steps at the crest of which the splendid library stands facing the contemporary world, one perceives quite another side of the university in the glimpses of green quadrangles seen through the doorways of vast academic halls. Thus the elms of Yale and the eucalyptus-trees of Stanford bring the breath of the woods to the open windows of the lecture-rooms. From the university grounds at Berkeley there is a view of the Golden Gate, opening into the Pacific. From the hill at Hamilton one looks out over miles of wooded fields and fertile farms. These are fitting sights to greet the eyes of the student as he looks up from the pages of a pleasant book. The hills stand about the colleges at Amherst and Williams and Mount Holyoke. At Wellesley and Vassar there are great reaches of lawns and woods and of shining water.

These surroundings minister to efficiency. They help the college to accomplish its distinctive purpose. They color and enrich and determine the quality of the college day. They are a part of that beautiful and uplifting though indefinable experience whose green and gleaming symbol is the college close.



PROPOSED GATE OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

FIVE GREAT GIFTS

BY DANIEL C. GILMAN

THE bounty of Mrs. Russell Sage, which has recently been widely discussed, suggests a study of several great gifts for the benefit of the Nation at large which have been made in recent years by wealthy Americans. These National gifts are worthy of perpetual remembrance for various reasons, especially because they reveal a new force in civilization which is likely to have still further development.

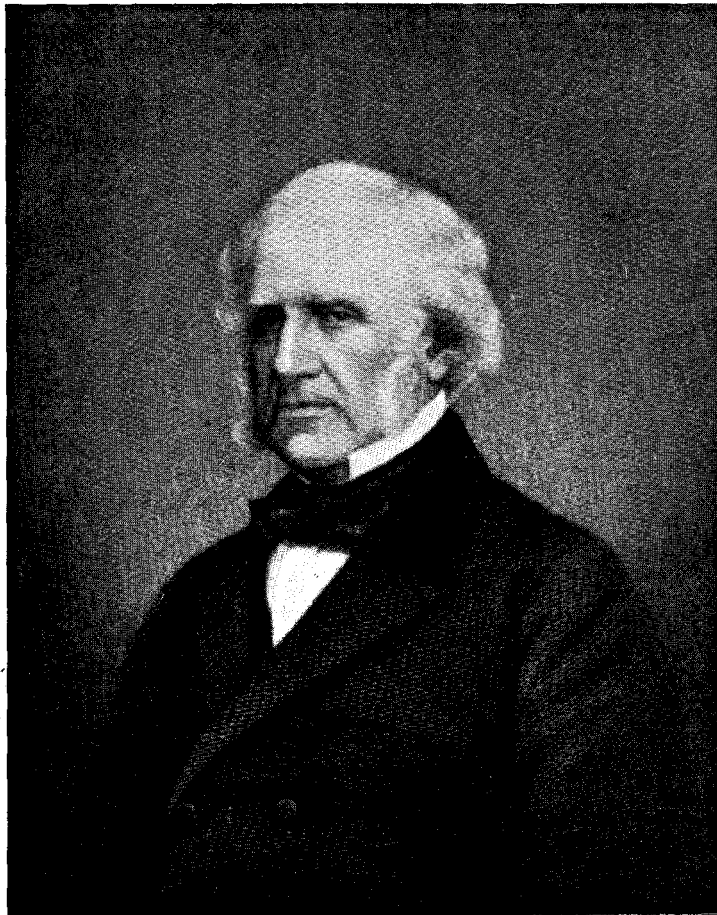
Omitting many minor and yet munificent donations, the list to which attention is here directed includes five benefactions which take the first rank among those which affect the entire country, North and South, East and West—those of Peabody, Slater, Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Sage. In every case the donor has made his gift without religious or ecclesiastical conditions. The few restrictions which are made are of the most general character, such as are not likely to embarrass the action of future managers, while the wishes of the founders are carefully protected. The unit of this bounty is a million of dollars, but this unit has been multiplied ten, twenty, and even thirty times. Perhaps the most noteworthy distinction is that in each case the scope is national, not provincial or local. The managers or trustees are selected partly from educational and partly from financial circles, and they are governed wholly by philanthropic motives and do not receive the slightest pecuniary recompense. They cannot be suspected of personal, sectional, political, or denominational prejudices.

Mr. George Peabody began this line of modern beneficence. Yet there were earlier givers—generous for their times and far-sighted—John Harvard and Elihu Yale in colonial days, and Count Rumford at a later period; and there have been in recent years multitudes of local benefactors of universities and colleges, museums, libraries, and hospitals. Buildings, professorships, and funds for the

purchase of books have always been favorite objects. The endowment of the Leland Stanford University in California and of the University of Chicago by John D. Rockefeller are magnificent examples of private bounty, and so is the munificence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie in Pittsburg. The Astors, James Lenox, and Samuel J. Tilden made possible the New York Public Library; Joseph E. Sheffield established the scientific department of Yale College, as O. F. Winchester founded near by the astronomical observatory. The two institutions which bear the name of Johns Hopkins, who gave them seven million dollars, belong to this series. The more recent gift of Mr. Phipps for the study of tuberculosis and the Wistar Institute of Anatomy in Philadelphia must also be mentioned, although their scope is not local, but general. Harvard University will soon receive a princely gift for the promotion of technical education. For the study of natural history Alexander Agassiz has already made most generous contributions to the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. These are only illustrations of the far-sighted generosity of the rich men in America. A complete list is impossible within the space now at command.

The present selection of five great gifts has been made because of their influence upon education throughout the land, in the South as well as in the North.

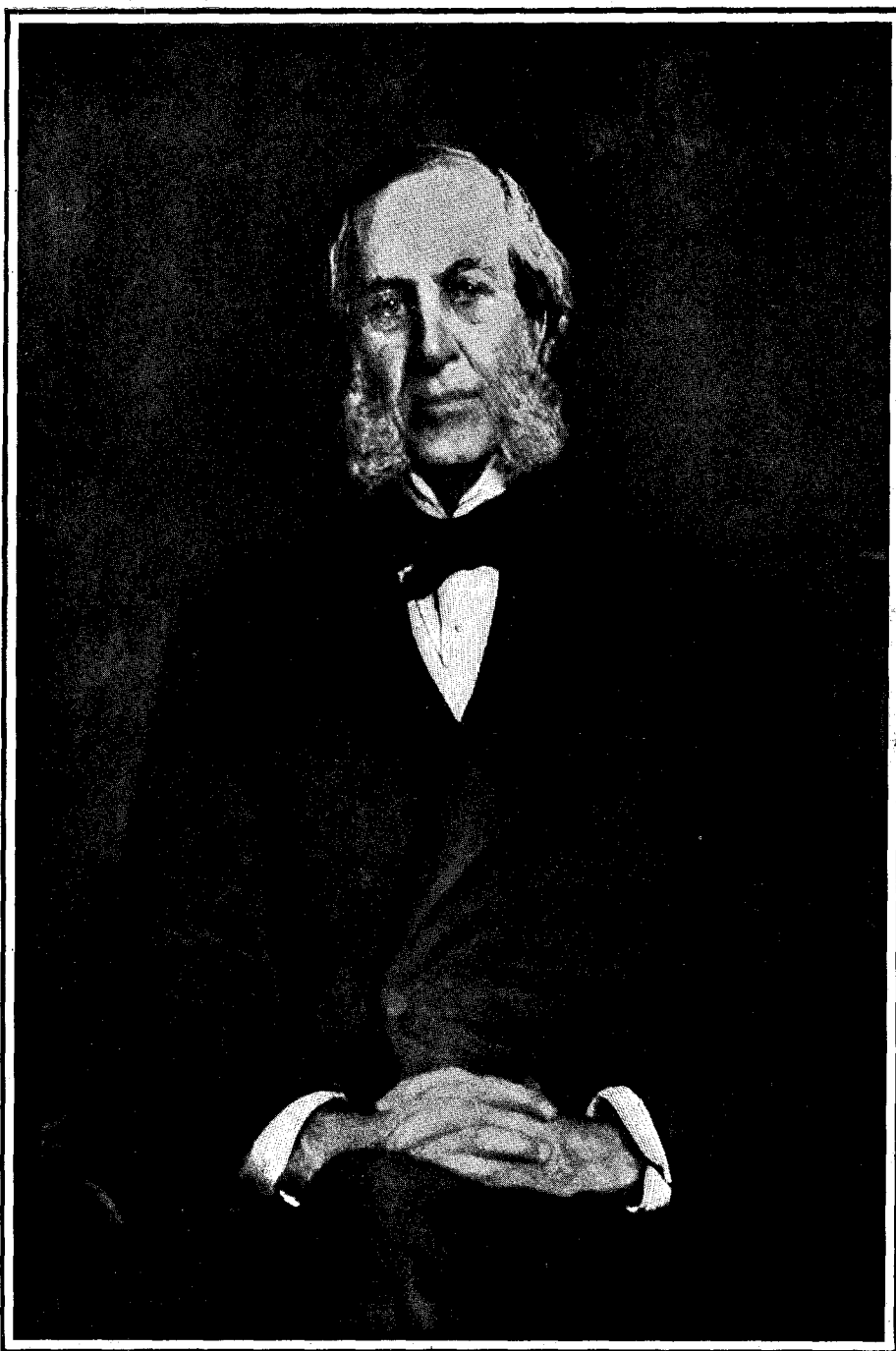
The roll begins, as I have already said, with the name of George Peabody, pioneer of National beneficence. It is now nearly forty years since he died, and a new generation has grown up, to many of whom he is little more than a name. Born and bred in this country, a merchant and banker in Baltimore and Washington, Mr. Peabody, seventy years ago, founded a banker's house in London, and he continued to reside in that city until his death. During all this period he was generous, but his great



GEORGE PEABODY

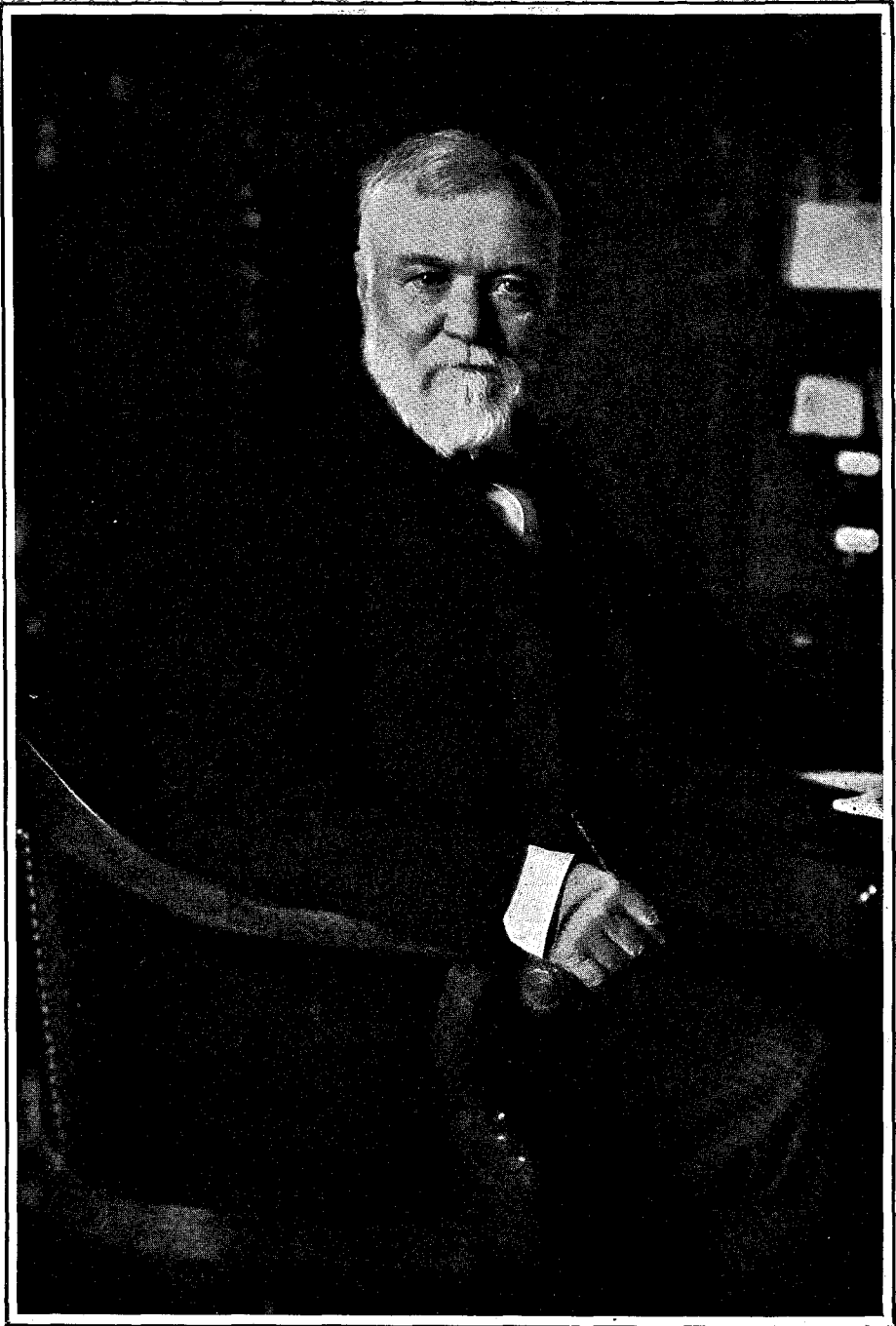
gifts were bestowed near the close of his life upon the city of London and upon his native land. In London he provided houses to be rented to respectable working people. In this country, besides many minor gifts to Harvard and Yale, to Salem and Danvers, he established the Peabody Education Fund, which has remained efficient until now in the promotion of public education in

the Southern States and in the maintenance of a Normal College in Nashville, Tennessee. The late Dr. J. L. M. Curry, who succeeded Dr. Barnas Sears as the General Agent of this fund, has written a very good account of its operations. The influence exerted by this agency throughout the States which were impoverished by the war cannot be calculated, and it is not strange that the name



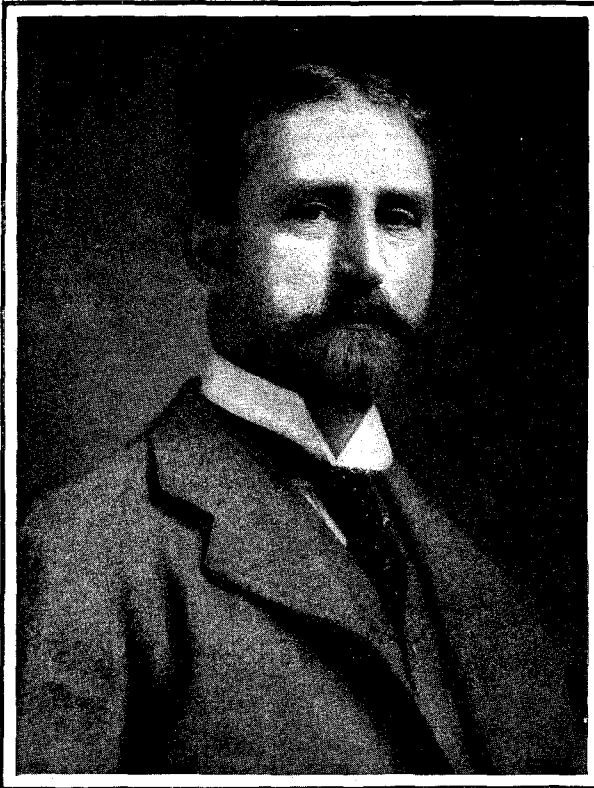
FROM A PAINTING BY HUBERT HERKOMER

JOHN F. SLATER



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ANDREW CARNEGIE



PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRIS BURKE FARKINSON

HENRY S. PRITCHETT

of George Peabody is now revered from Baltimore to New Orleans. "It is a name to conjure with," said a Southern observer not very long ago.

After the death of Dr. Curry, Dr. Samuel A. Green, Secretary of the Board, acted as General Agent; and when he asked to be relieved of these duties, Professor Wickliffe Rose, of the Peabody Normal College, was chosen General Agent in his stead. He has just entered upon the duties of his office. The problem before the Board now is the permanent endowment of the Peabody Normal College in Nashville and the further distribution of the Peabody Fund.

The indirect influences of Mr. Peabody are almost as great as the direct, and are especially noteworthy in three subsequent gifts—those of John F. Slater, Johns Hopkins, and Enoch Pratt. Thus, the library which Peabody founded in Baltimore for the use of scholars led Enoch Pratt to establish in the same city what may be termed a collateral

library for the circulation of books among the people. So again, the munificent foundations of Johns Hopkins for a university and for a hospital are the fruit of Mr. Peabody's example. Mr. John W. Garrett has left on record an interesting account of a dinner to which he invited Mr. Peabody and Mr. Hopkins, and has recorded, with Boswellian detail, the conversation which then took place, led by Mr. Peabody, who emphasized the pleasure of giving as transcending the pleasure of making money.

After some introductory remarks, in which he described the formation of a board of trustees to carry out one of his great purposes, Mr. Peabody added: "The trust was accepted, and I then for the first time felt there was a higher pleasure and a greater happiness than accumulat-

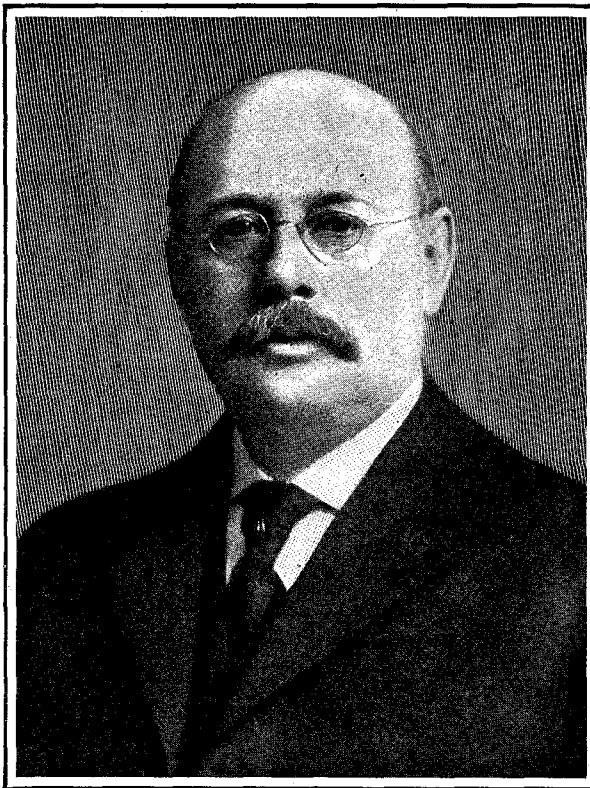
ing money, and that was derived from giving it for good and humane purposes; and so I have gone on, and from that day realized, with increasing enjoyment, the pleasure of arranging for the greatest practicable good for those who would need my means to aid their well-being, progress, and happiness."

Mr. John F. Slater, in establishing his fund for the promotion of education among the freedmen, openly acknowledged the impulse he had received from Mr. Peabody. This gentleman, a resident of Norwich, Connecticut, was a nephew of Samuel Slater, of Rhode Island, who introduced into this country from England the art of cotton-spinning. Having acquired a large fortune, he gave to trustees, towards the end of his life, one million dollars, the income of which was to be expended in the promotion of normal and industrial education among the freedmen. This fund has yielded sixty thousand dollars a year, which has been employed in the methods appointed

by the founder, and the financial management of it has been so good that, notwithstanding the general depreciation of securities, the income is now quite as much as it was originally. The treasurer of this fund is Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of New York, whose services in the American Museum of Natural History and in the Chamber of Commerce are well known; and to him, in large measure, is due the admirable pecuniary management of the fund.

The foundations of Mr. Peabody and Mr. Slater had been for years in successful operation when Mr. John D. Rockefeller, founder of the University of Chicago, gave a further impulse to National education by contributions to the General Education Board, instituted at his suggestion in the city of New York, and including among its members Robert C. Ogden, Frederick T. Gates, George Foster Peabody, Walter H. Page, Albert Shaw, Starr J. Murphy, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. His original endowment has lately been augmented by the great sum of thirty-two million dollars to be expended in the encouragement of higher education in any part of the country. The trustees have already begun the study of this new problem, and have given a preliminary indication of possible proceedings by large gifts to Yale and Princeton. The trustees of this fund are most of them New Yorkers, but there are several from a distance, including President Andrews, of Nebraska, and Mr. Hugh H. Hanna, of Indianapolis. Dr. Wallace Buttrick is the General Agent of this board, and a more competent administrator it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find.

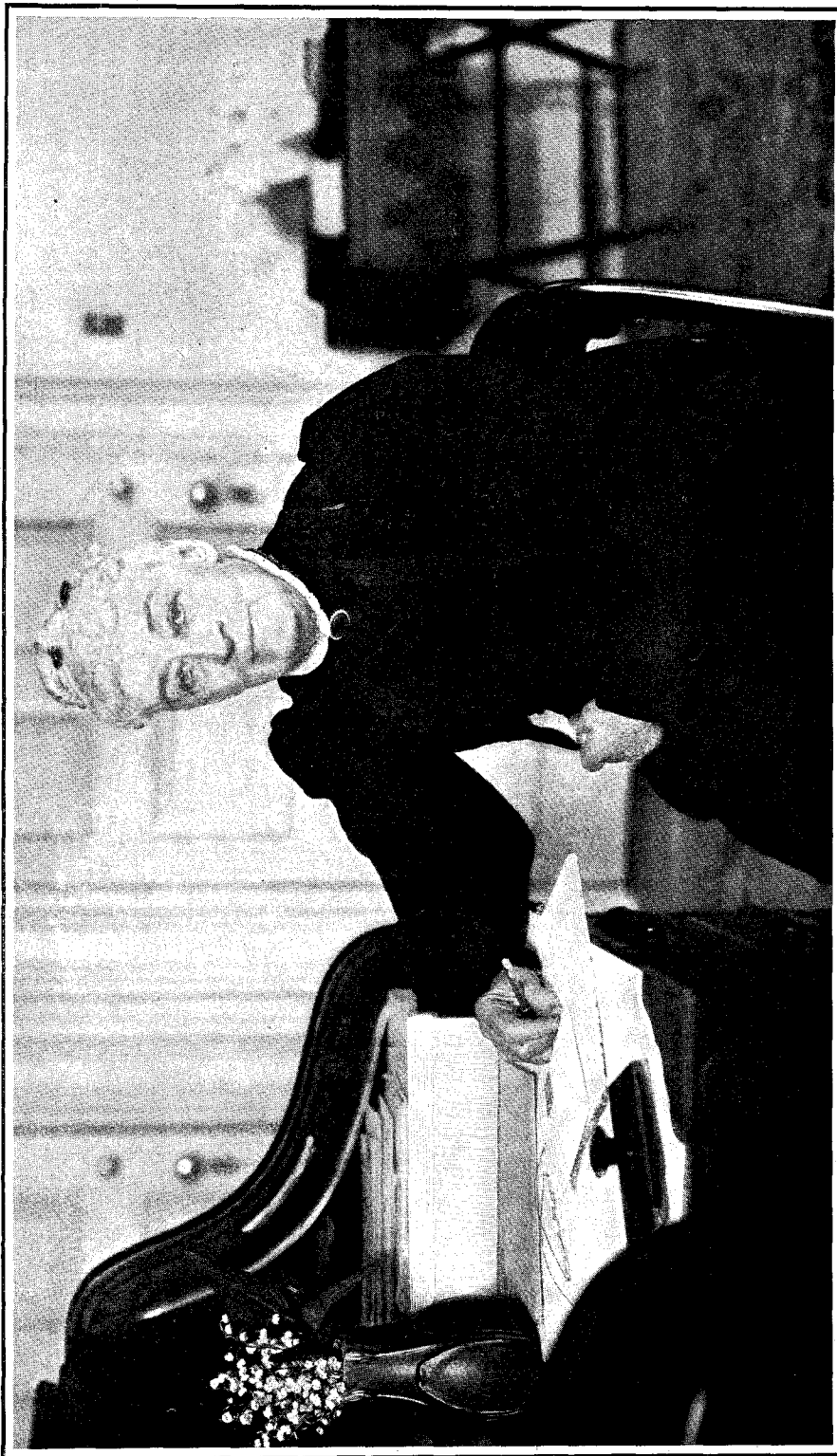
Next upon the list of selected names comes that of Andrew Carnegie. The country, a short time ago, was enlightened



PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY PACH BROS.

WALLACE BUTTRICK

by the celebration of his bounty in Pittsburgh, his former home, where the sum of twenty-three million dollars has been provided by him for the maintenance of a library, museum, and technical school. His numerous foundations of libraries in the city of New York and elsewhere are familiar to every one. But these foundations should not obscure two other gifts of his, the influence of which is not local, but National. One of them is the Carnegie Institution of Washington, to which he gave ten million dollars for the purpose of promoting research in any department of human learning. The work of research goes on silently during long periods of time and its processes cannot be made popular, so that the public, always clamorous for results, needs to cultivate the grace of patience. Most of its appropriations have been in the domain of natural science. Perhaps the most noteworthy of them all is the establishment of the Solar Observatory in Southern California. The biological



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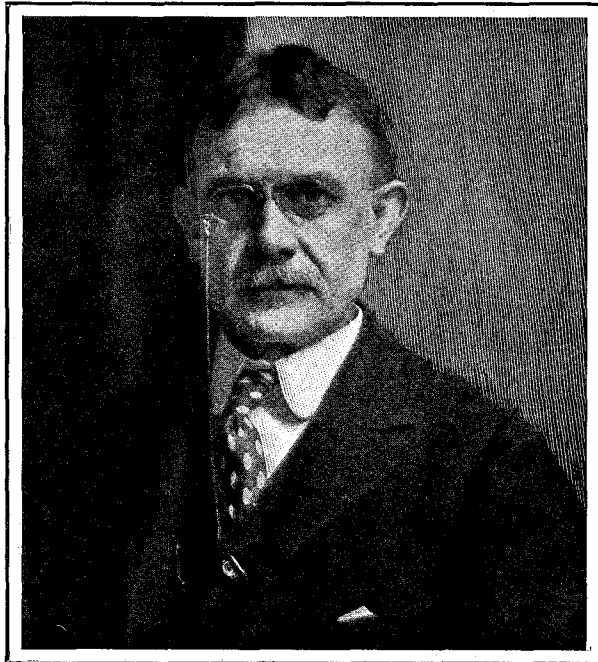
MRS. RUSSELL SAGE

laboratories on the shore of Long Island and at the Dry Tortugas, and the Desert Botanical Laboratory in Arizona, are further illustrations of its scope. So likewise is the study of terrestrial magnetism by observations made, and to be made, on the Pacific Ocean. But linguistic science, as well as natural science, is included, and a generous appropriation has been allotted for the preparation of a Chaucer Lexicon, which will throw much light upon the early history of the English language; and another generous sum, though much less in amount, has been set apart for the critical study, by a competent scholar, of Browning's "Ring and the Book," and of its historical allusions.

A second of Mr. Carnegie's gifts of National importance is a foundation for the advancement of teaching, especially in colleges and universities. The State universities have not been included in the operations of this fund. Teachers in other higher institutions of learning may receive pensions, upon certain conditions, as a recognition of their long-continued and beneficent services to education and science.

The last of the five benefactions to which we have referred is that of Mrs. Russell Sage. The fund which she gives is ten million dollars, and she has stated informally that her object is "the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States. The means to that end will include research, publication, education, the establishment and maintenance of charitable and beneficial activities, agencies, and institutions, and the aid of any such activities, agencies, and institutions already established. It will be within the scope of such a foundation to investigate and study the causes of adverse social conditions, including ignorance, poverty, and vice, to suggest how these conditions can be remedied or ameliorated, and to put in operation any appropriate means to that end." The methods adopted by her trustees will soon be made public. A preliminary meeting for organization has already been held, and Mr. John M. Glenn, of Baltimore, a gentleman of wide experience and peculiar fitness for the work, has been chosen the secretary or general agent.

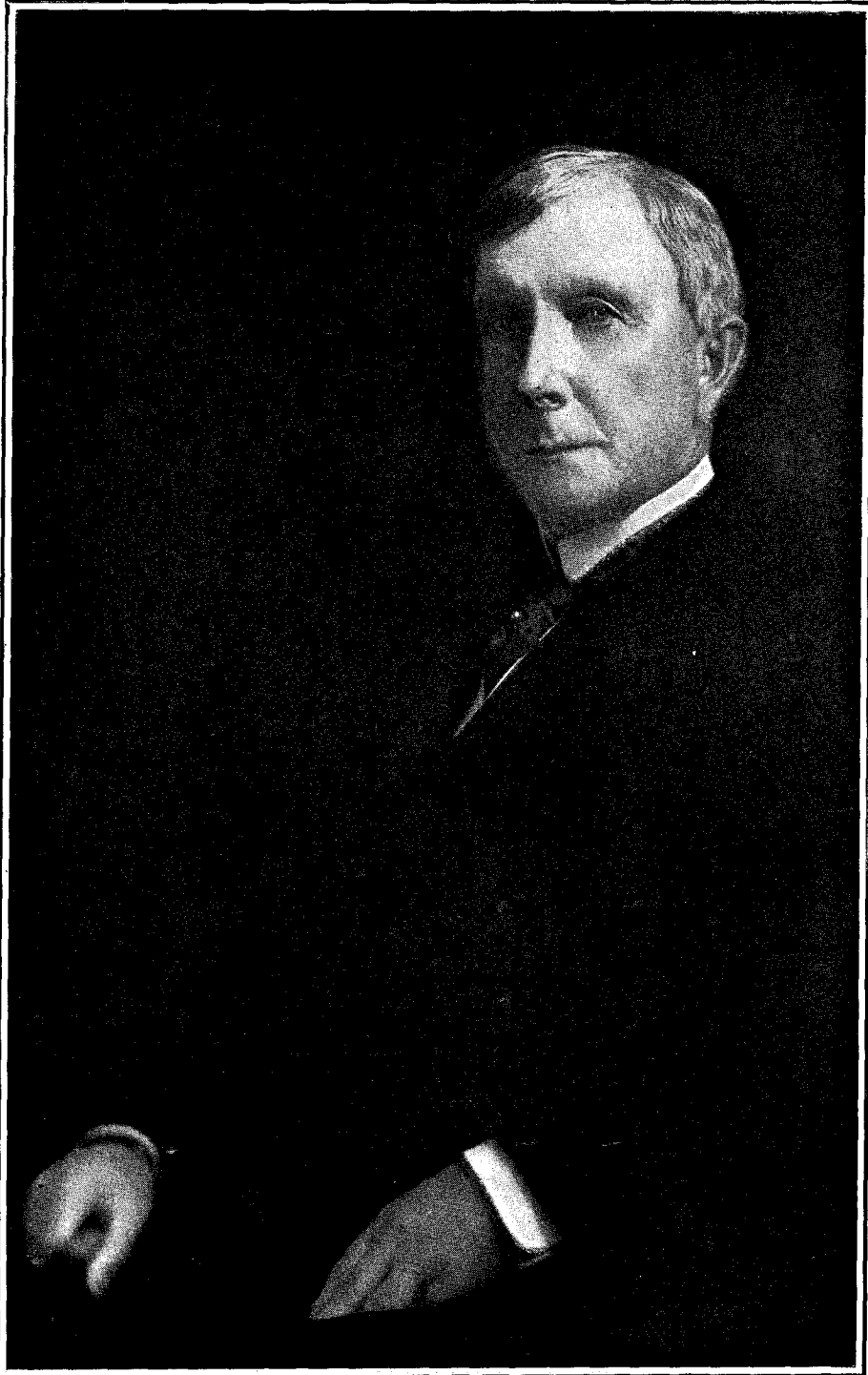
Here ends this chapter from the



PHOTOGRAPH BY N. LAZARNICK

JOHN GLENN

The executive officer of the Russell Sage Foundation Fund



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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

book of Genesis—the genesis of certain great benefactions to National education.

And now, as this manuscript is passing to the printer, comes the announcement of a gift of one million dollars from Miss Anna T. Jeanes, of Philadelphia, the income of which is to be applied toward the maintenance and assistance of elementary schools for negroes in the Southern States.

This review was not intended to be a complete statement of the work of these great foundations. It was meant to arrest attention to the influence of good examples. Almost if not quite all of these foundations have been based on principles that were designated by Mr. Peabody. To the present writer it has always been a matter of curiosity to dis-

cover who was the author of the instruments by which Mr. Peabody completed his endowments. It is his belief that much is due to the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, whose wise counsels, unusual foresight, and remarkable gifts of expression are shown in all the provisions laid down by Mr. Peabody. He was an admirable ally of that great benefactor.

Freedom from political and ecclesiastical control, large liberty of action as to the methods to be employed, and confidence in the integrity, wisdom, and experience of the men selected to be trustees are among the chief characteristics, first, of Mr. Peabody's gifts, and then of all that have followed in their train.



FREE-FOOT

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

Purple thistles grow
In a ragged row.
"Give you greeting, comrades!" I
Hail them as I go.

Up and up I climb,
Crushing mint and thyme—
Weaving earth and air and sky
Into rough-cast rhyme.

On the rocky crest
Where the wild hawks nest,
Deep surf-whispers from tall pines
Lull my soul to rest.

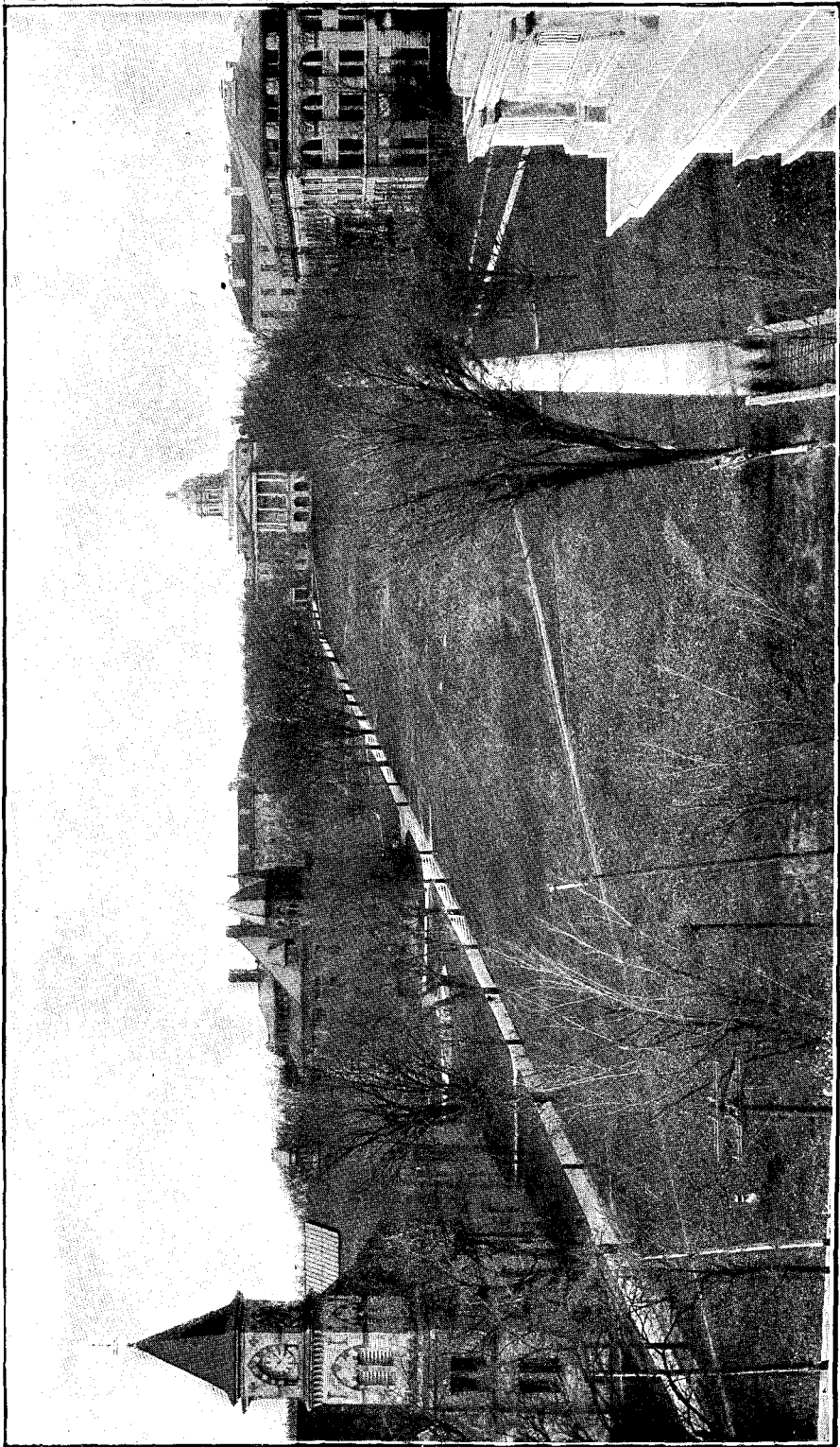
Long ago my feet
Left the hard-worn street,—
Left the road for wander-ways,
And I find them sweet.

Since these days began,
I—a landless man—
Count me kin to bird and deer
And the squirrel clan.

Paths begin—ascend—
Go a mile—to end.
Streets have curb and paving-stone:
I've no street for friend!

Where's a highroad found
Clear of mark or bound?
Mine goes freely on and on,
For the world is round.

Knapsack all my load—
Green boughs for abode—
I, who win the wander-ways,
Grudge no man the road!



UPPER CAMPUS, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
From left to right : Assembly Hall, Law Building, South Hall, University Hall, North Hall, and Engineering Building

A UNIVERSITY IN PUBLIC LIFE

BY WILLIAM HARD

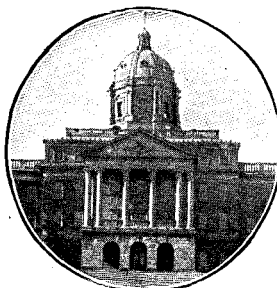
"A UNIVERSITY is a place filled with the skeletons of the past and the wings of the future."

There is some splendid as well as some ironic truth in this. Yet it is not complete. Some people have thought that a university might on occasion be concerned not only with the past and the future, but even with the present.

In the little town of Madison, in the State of Wisconsin, there is a university which seems to know as much about the year 1907 as about any other year whatsoever, past or to come.

Madison is a strange place. Situated on a lovely, narrow, hilly isthmus between two beautiful lakes, it is encompassed with the soft scenery of central England, and, if it had been conquered by the white race a thousand years ago, would have had its cathedral, and in return would have given its name to a diocese of enchanted lakes, holy hills, and haunted woods. Yet, with all its Old World look, it is still one of the most modern of modern towns, enacting in its State House those progressive, those venturesome, laws which make Wisconsin, in a way, the experimental laboratory of America.

A strange place! One of the remotest from the world and one of the closest to it! There are no houses less shaken with the puffy little winds of inconsequential contemporary struggles than some of those on Langdon Street. And Professor Babcock, in his little house on Henry Street, after having enriched the world to the extent of untold millions of dollars by the invention of his milk-testing machine, from which he was too busy to derive a cent of profit, still continues to pursue his researches into the constitution of matter, profoundly unaffected by changes of dynasty in the State House, a mile from his door.



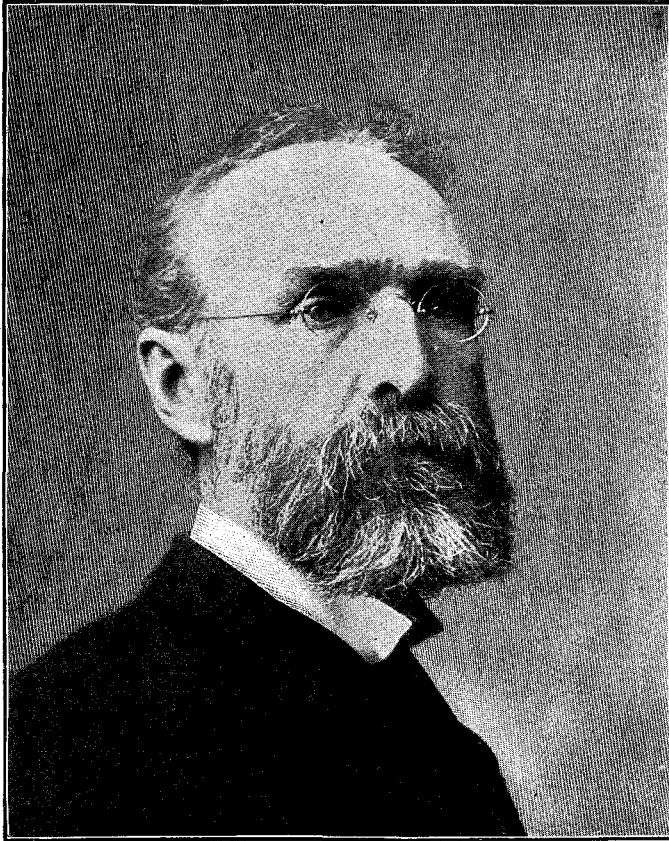
Yes, Madison contains all the skeletons of the past and all the wings of the future that could be reasonably apportioned to any one university town. Yet, as the visitor allows himself to repose at ease amid manuscripts and test-tubes and aged trees and all the other accessories of academic seclusion,

he unwarily raises his head and beholds, crossing the campus, a most learned professor of political economy, who, besides being able to understand Boehm-Bawerk and the positive theory of capital (an accomplishment obviously appropriate to a man in his position), is also capable of being a member of the Wisconsin State Railroad Commission and is in the unacademic habit of deciding what rates shall be charged by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway for a return trip between Milwaukee and Janesville.

The sight of this professor is somewhat disconcerting. It arouses the visitor at once from the depths of scholastic retirement and restores him instantaneously to the land of overcapitalization, freight tariffs, Harriman, Roosevelt's successor, what-shall-we-do-with-the-Constitution-now-that-we-don't-use-it-as-a-rule-of-government, is-LaFollette-a-patriot-or-a-scoundrel, and all the other happy, urgent questions on the surface of current history.

It is a strange place! If one should wish to know the remote, the inaccessible history of the early period of western America, one must apply, above all others, to Professor Turner, of the Department of History, and to the wonderful Draper documents which they *do* say Professor Draper sometimes forgot to restore to their proper owners.

Yet if one should wish to know what is happening in the public life of Wisconsin to-day, one must apply to Charles



CHARLES R. VAN HISE
President of the University of Wisconsin

McCarthy, lecturer in political science, doctor of philosophy, and winner of the Justin Winsor historical prize against competitors from all sections of the United States.

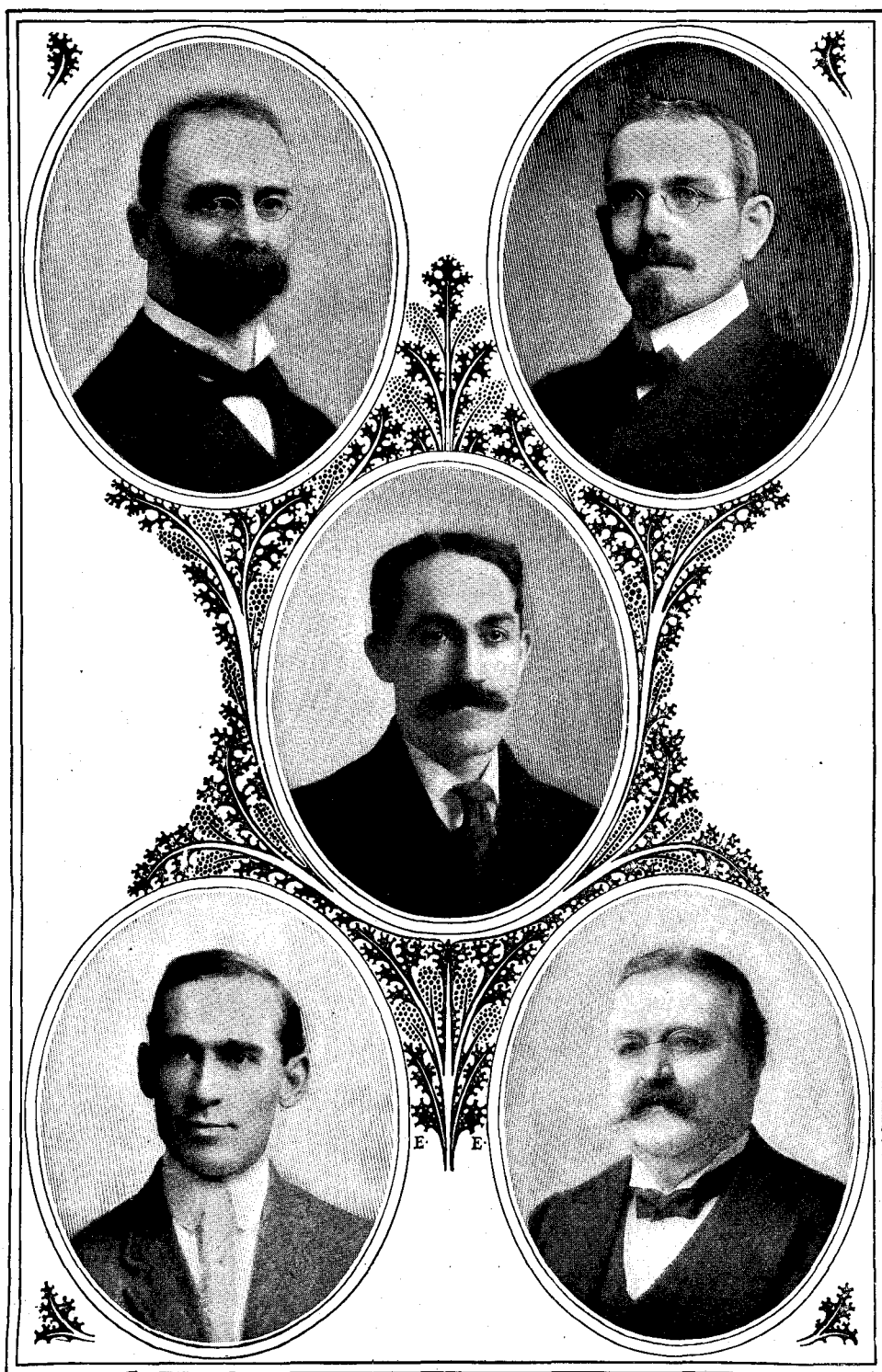
Dr. McCarthy has two spheres of influence. One is on University Hill. The other is in the State House. On University Hill he influences the development of political science. In the State House he influences the development of scientific politics.

Yet politics is the wrong word. Dr. McCarthy is not in politics at all. He is not interested in elections. He is simply the head of the Legislative Department of the Legislature of Wisconsin, with Margaret Schaffner, also of the Department of Political Science, for an assistant. He is the official lobbyist of the people of Wisconsin. It is his duty to provide the Legislature with all possible information on

all-possible legislative subjects. And he does it non-partisanly, modestly, comprehensively, with a large staff of assistants and with a complete disregard of the words "Republican" or "Democrat," "Stalwart" or "Half-breed."

Most of the new laws of the State of Wisconsin are put into shape in Dr. McCarthy's office. It is pretty nearly impossible to get a "joker" into them to-day. Dr. McCarthy stands on guard. And even the Socialists trust him (and than this there could be no more complete vindication of character), because he has no political ambitions of his own, and because his sole desire is to have the laws of Wisconsin based on ascertained, indubitable facts.

Dr. McCarthy's only power is the adage, "Great is the truth and it will prevail." He provides the truth and the Legislature does the rest. His duty ends with the academic task of estab-



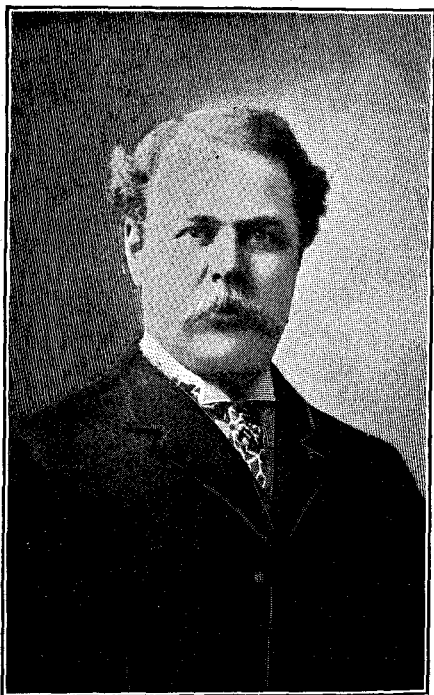
STEPHEN M. BABCOCK

CHARLES MCCARTHY

BALTHASAR H. MEYER

THOMAS S. ADAMS

ALEXANDER S. ALEXANDER



HARRY L. RUSSELL
Professor of Bacteriology

lishing the facts. And what could be more appropriately academic than a duty of that kind? Dr. McCarthy happily combines the privileges of a scholar with the obligations of a citizen.

The professor who makes the railway rates between Milwaukee and Janesville and the instructor who feeds facts to the Legislature do not feel lonely amid their brethren of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin. There are altogether some twenty-five or thirty professors and instructors in the University who are likewise officials of the State Government.

Like Dr. McCarthy, these professors and instructors are not in politics. They do not carry precincts. They do not deliver delegates. They simply provide the State of Wisconsin with the technical knowledge and the professional advice which, of all places, a university is best fitted to furnish.

Of course the opposition (which at present is the Democratic party) is occasionally obliged to raise a formal and perfunctory objection to this extraordinary species of university extension.

A Democratic newspaper not long ago referred in admirably heated language to the dastardly and rapacious conduct of a professor of engineering who was not content with drawing a salary from the University, but who also insisted on drawing one from the State Tax Commission.

An investigation revealed the fact that this professorial pirate was indeed grasping at two sources of income at the same time. One of them (that from the University) yielded him seven hundred dollars a year, and the other (that from the Tax Commission) brought him in the yearly sum of one thousand five hundred. It was perfectly clear that the two salaries had been so harmonized as to constitute one salary of twenty-two hundred dollars a year, which, as everybody knows, is quite enough for an extremely learned man who doesn't know any better.

The rule applied to the professor who figured in this case is the rule which is applied to all professors in similar cases. When they enter the service of the State, they forfeit a proportional amount of their income from the University. Their motive, therefore, can never sink very low, and they can never hope to astonish the country with any specimen of that almost hopelessly rare animal, the overpaid scholar.

The kind of service rendered to the State of Wisconsin by the scholars of its University is well illustrated by the history of the work of the Tax Commission.

Wisconsin is one of the few States in the Union which have made a complete valuation of the property of their railways, and which can therefore make some kind of close approximation at just how much these railways ought to earn in dividends and at just how much they ought to pay in taxes.

A large part of the technical skill required for the making of such a valuation was furnished in Wisconsin by Professor William Dana Taylor. The swish of his academic gown has now died away in the public halls of the State of Wisconsin, but he has already acquired a cloud of successors.

Professor W. D. Pence, Professor J. G. D. Mack, Professor H. J. B. Thor-

kelson, Mr. L. D. Williams, and Mr. J. D. Van Zandt, all of the University of Wisconsin, are now all of them employed in giving technical assistance to the State Tax Commission in the ascertainment of railway values.

Meanwhile, in a branch of taxation distinct from the railway question, Professor Skinner has long been a part of the machinery of the Tax Commission, and Thomas Sewall Adams, Assistant Professor of Political Economy, is continuously at work on the real, as distinguished from the assessed, value of Wisconsin property.

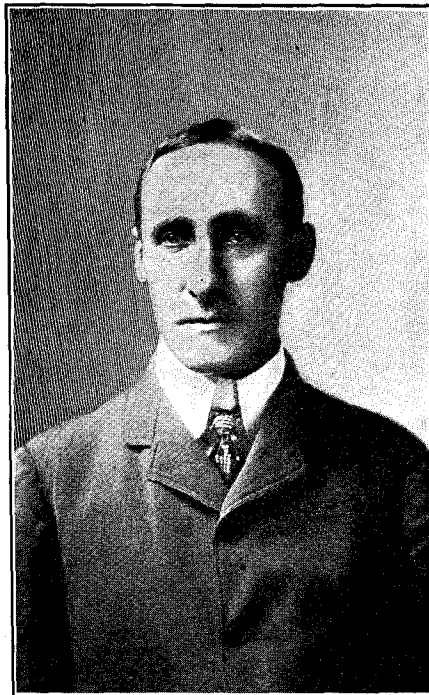
Professor Adams also applies himself with particular affection to that rather dreary subject (except to those who own real estate), the taxation of mortgages. And he does this not only for the intellectual instruction of his fellow-economists in Germany, but also for the financial welfare of the Wisconsin State treasury.

It is largely owing to the labors of these gentlemen that taxation in Wisconsin has almost ceased to be a guessing contest (complicated by campaign contributions and the election returns), and has almost become a department of the science of mathematics.

It is clear that the State of Wisconsin does not maintain its University simply for show or simply for the improvement of the minds of its young boys and girls. Here are eight professors and instructors, already mentioned, whom it has impressed into service for the one purpose of establishing its taxation system on a scientific basis.

But the State is not yet satisfied. If you go to Madison in the summer time, you will see a strange thing. You will see some twenty or thirty members of the Department of Political Economy (instructors, graduates, special students, and so on), all busily engaged in making laborious and intricate investigations for the same Tax Commission which is served by their leader, Professor Adams.

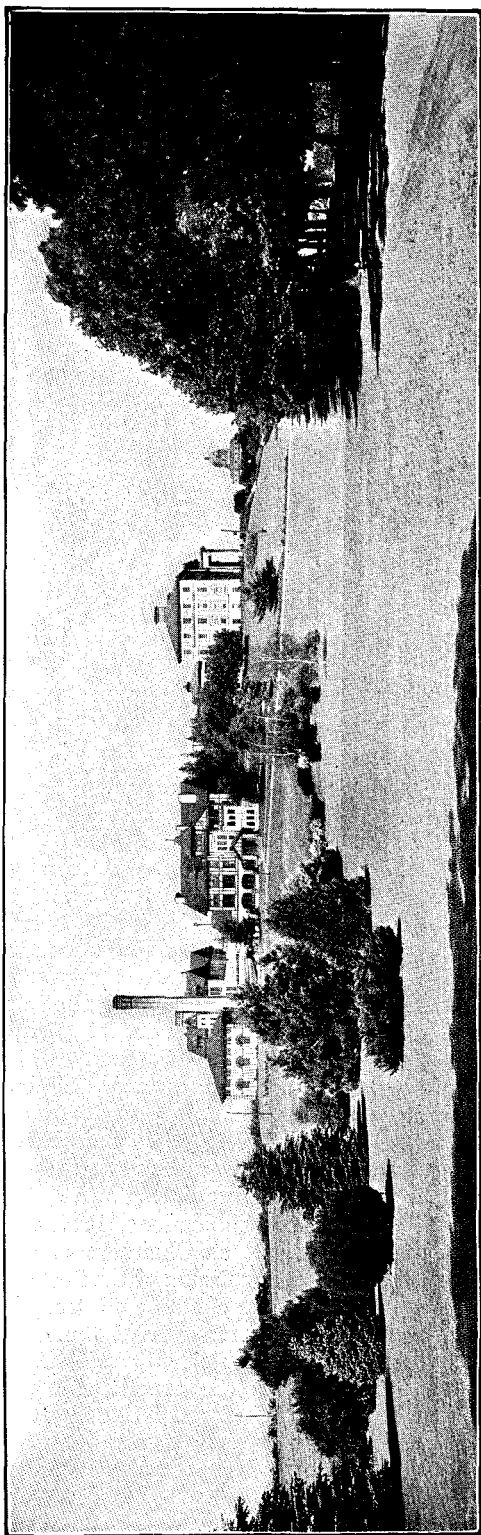
The idea seems to be that they would make investigations anyway in order to become political economists, and that they might as well do it in the service and for the benefit of the State. Thus two birds are slaughtered simultaneously.



SAMUEL E. SPARLING
Assistant Professor of Political Science

It is an ingenious idea, and it lends itself to many variations. For instance: The young people of the State of Wisconsin, when they go to the University, are offered the opportunity of studying Political Science. Now what better way could there be of training a man to teach Political Science to the young people of Wisconsin than by allowing him to learn something about it? Why, therefore, should not Samuel Edwin Sparling, Assistant Professor of Political Science, be allowed to act as Chairman of the State Civil Service Commission?

In answer to these questions (perhaps), and certainly because of his own admirable personal qualifications, Professor Sparling does act as Chairman of the Civil Service Commission of the State of Wisconsin. There could be no stronger guarantee of the removal of the civil service list from political influence. And the consequences are as desirable for the University as for the State. It is probable that the young men and women who study in Professor Sparling's classes are able to detect the connection between the Political Science of the campus and



AGRICULTURE AND DAIRY BUILDING

the actual public life of the outside world.

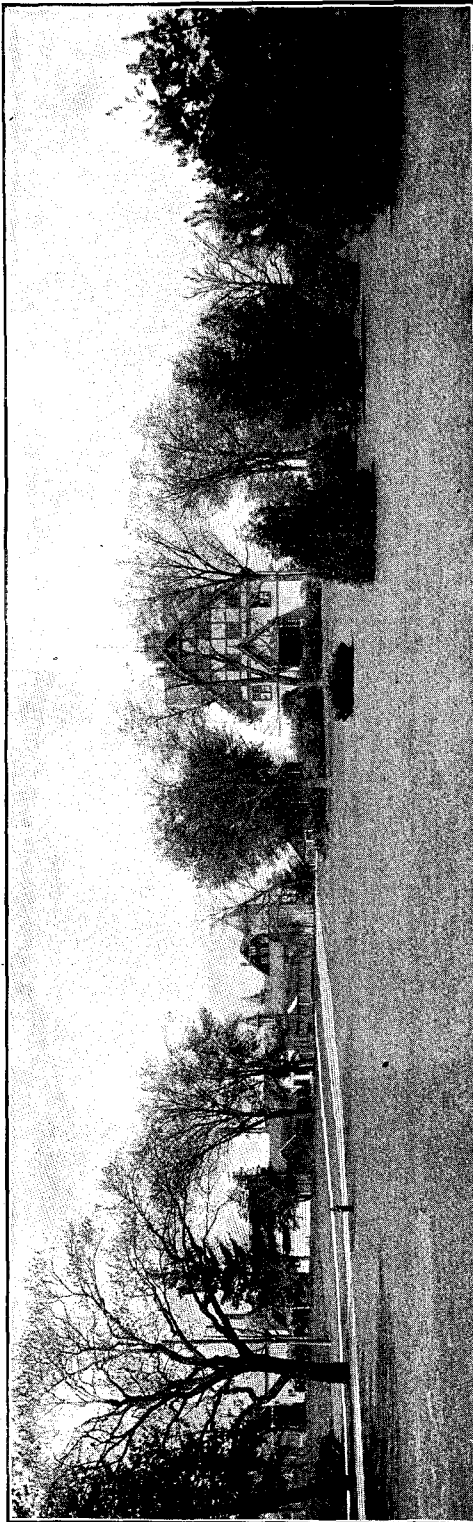
And there is still another effect. The close connection between the State and the University has produced in the University a profound and a moving loyalty to the State.

It is true that the State is not always as grateful or as generous as a private patron. Professor Taylor, whose disappearance from the public life of Wisconsin has already been noted, was worth some three thousand dollars a year to the State. He seems to be worth several times that sum to the Chicago and Alton Railway.

In other words, the State of Wisconsin, like most other States, allows its servants ample opportunity for the development of the virtue of disinterestedness. And it is surprising how often that virtue is developed.

In the Department of Geology there is a young instructor named Hotchkiss. Mr. Hotchkiss may be presumed to be deeply concerned about paleozoic remains or else about some other kind, but he has also acquired a deep concern about good roads. Anybody who has compared the cost of hauling farm products from the field to the nearest railway station with the cost of hauling those same products two hundred miles to market on rails will appreciate the importance of the subject of good roads to a State like Wisconsin.

Mr. Hotchkiss read about good roads. He traveled all over the State observing and experimenting with an eye to the practical construction of good roads. He came back to the University and wrote a bulletin about good roads. He offered a correspondence course on good roads. He wrote letters to State legislators on the history and advisability of good roads. He is now appearing before legislative committees and talking about good roads. And the improvement of the ways of communication in the country districts of Wisconsin will



DAIRY, HORSE AND CATTLE BARN

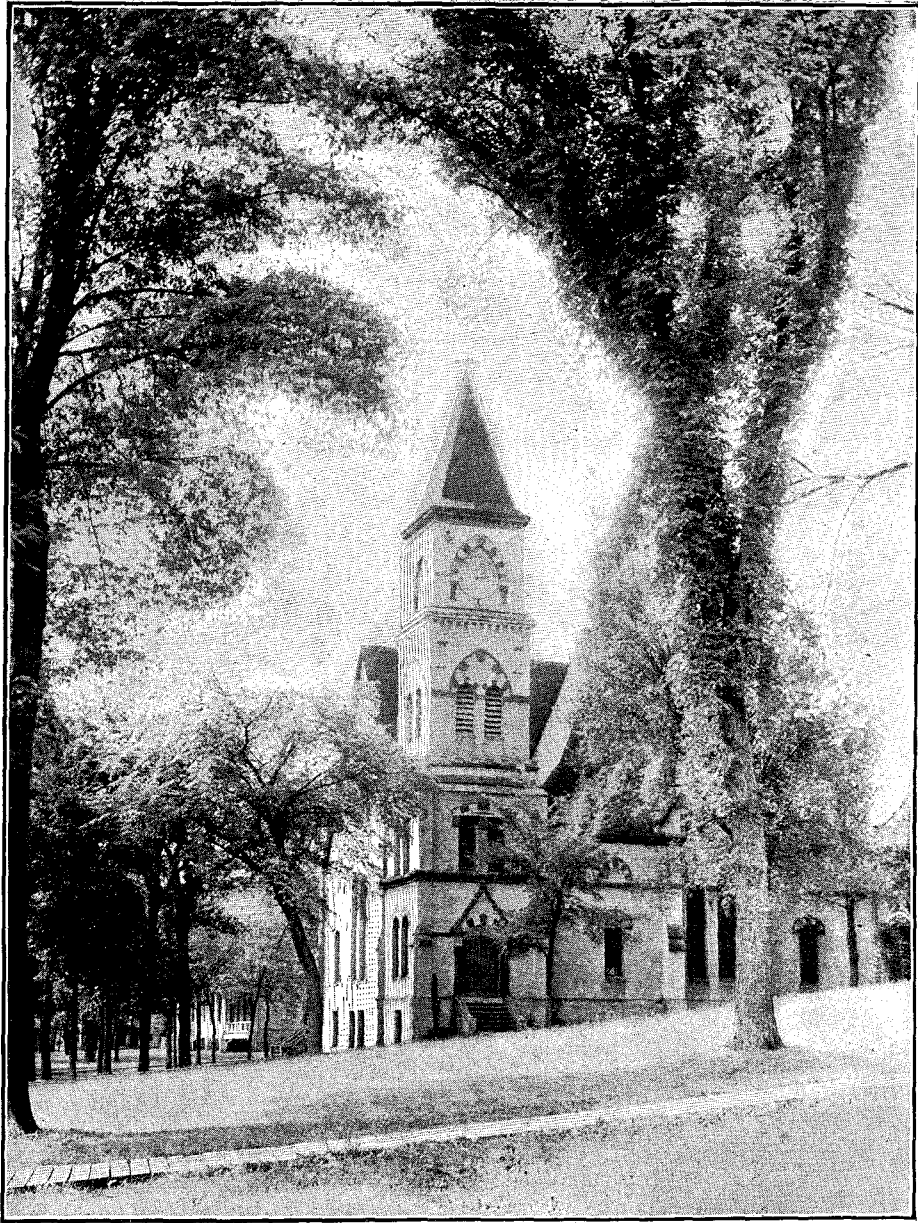
always bear the marks of the work of Mr. Hotchkiss, Instructor in Geology.

This little simple case illustrates the principle of the matter even better than the more prominent cases of men like Civil Service Commissioner Sparling and Railroad Commissioner Meyer. Why should not the technical knowledge of the university man be used directly by the present generation as well as indirectly, and often inadequately, by the young people who will form the next generation? Professor Alexander Septimus Alexander is as much interested in good stallions as Mr. Hotchkiss is in good roads. Through his efforts and because of a law passed at his instance the Department of Horse Breeding now supervises the propagation of horses in Wisconsin, and it will not be long before all diseased and improper stallions are eliminated from the Wisconsin fields.

All the way from civil service to stallions, from stallions to railway taxation, from railway taxation to good roads, the University influence runs. Its twists and turns lead the visitor into every nook and corner of the life of the State.

The University lecturer on forestry, Mr. Edward Marriam Griffith, is the official forester of the State Government. Professor Richard Fischer is the official chemist of the State Dairy and Food Commission. Professor Turneure and Professor Leonard Sewall Smith are Aldermen in the City Council of Madison. Mr. Huels, an instructor in engineering, is a gas and electric light expert of the city of Madison. Professor Smith, the Alderman, also serves the State Legislature as an expert on water power, and has written the authoritative report on which will be based the future public development of the wonderful water-power possibilities of the State of Wisconsin.

The whole system is strikingly reasonable. Who is likely to know more about horses than the Professor



ASSEMBLY HALL

of Veterinary Science, and therefore why should not Professor Alexander license all the stallions in Wisconsin through his department of horse-breeding and take charge of the official improvement of horse-flesh throughout the State? And why should not Professor Russell, since he already is a professor and an expert in bacteriology, manage the State Hygienic

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Laboratory (which is a kind of State health department) and keep it in one of the University buildings, with Dr. Fuller, of the University, assisting him? And why should not Professor Russell also serve on the State Live Stock Sanitary Board, ridding the State of tubercular cattle while at the same time he is pursuing his bacteriological experiments?

It is all a matter of two birds and one stone. Or perhaps it is even a matter of three birds. The people of Wisconsin not only get Professor Russell's services as both a theoretical investigator and a practical administrator, but they send him back to his students with that heightened inspiration which comes to a teacher as the result of an actual personal contact with public affairs.

We have grown somewhat accustomed to the spectacle of the professor in public life. We have seen Hollander go from Johns Hopkins to the treasurership of Porto Rico. We have seen Schurman go from Cornell, and Moses from the University of California, to the Philippine Commission. We have seen Merriam, of the University of Chicago, sitting in the Chicago Charter Convention. These men, and many others, have borne, and are bearing, their part of the public burden of to-day. The professors and the instructors of the University of Wisconsin are not singular. But their opportunities have been particularly large because of the particularly rapid progress made during recent years by the people of the State of Wisconsin in the direction of political and economic change.

The influence of the University on this era of progress has been at the same time stimulating and steadying. The University has not been in politics. It has simply furnished facts. And facts are stimulating and steadying both.

A few months ago the Railroad Commission of the State of Wisconsin handed down a decision under which the passenger rates to be charged by the three principal railways of Wisconsin were reduced from three to two and a half cents a mile.

This action was taken at a time when many Western States were reducing passenger rates all the way down to two cents, more out of petulance than out of conviction. The railways were vaguely rich and specifically and undeniably wicked. What more natural, then, than to curtail their income? A two-cent rate would certainly displease them and it would certainly show the people that the Legislature was their friend. And if the law should be thrown out by the courts

on the ground that it deprived the railways of a just return on their investment, that event would only show that judges were less popular than legislators.

In the midst of this riot of emotion the Wisconsin Commission issued its order. It applied to only three railways. And it stopped at two cents and a half. And Wisconsin is the most "radical" State in America. There was just one thing to be said, however, for the Wisconsin decision. It will stick!

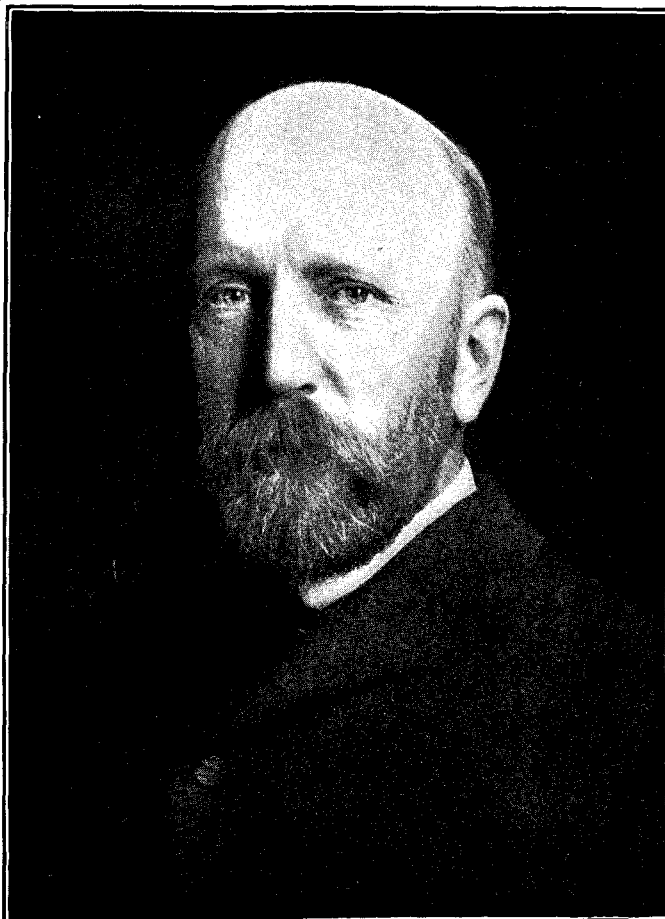
A very high official of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway (one of the railways affected) was discussing the decision a few days after it was handed down.

"Appeal from it?" he said. "What's the use? That decision was not only a decision but a complete argument. It contained all the facts. It was wonderful. All that a judge would do would be to read it. There is no more evidence to be introduced. It is all there. That decision is one of the most marvelous pieces of railroad accounting that we railroad men have ever seen. No, we'll let it alone."

Professor Balthasar Henry Meyer deserves only one-third of the credit for this splendid administrative performance. His two colleagues are his peers. But they are not more than his peers. Professor Meyer has taken part, and is continuing to take part, in the work of a governmental body which is making political and economic history in America.

How much this means to his own development as an economist! How much it means to his State! How much to his University! How much to his pupils!

Neither Professor Meyer nor any other professor or instructor who has been mentioned is in politics. All of them and many others who have not been mentioned are in public life, or, to put it more broadly, in the common life of their fellow-citizens. They give their fellow-citizens as well as their pupils the benefit of their non-partisan, technical knowledge. The University of Wisconsin has become a kind of "consulting engineer" in the public life of the State of Wisconsin.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.

DR. H. B. FRISSELL
Principal of Hampton Institute

HAMPTON INSTITUTE

THE Outlook in the following pages invites the reader to see Hampton itself and some of the fruits of its work rather than to listen to any descriptive account of the institution or any recital of dates and statistics. The photographs which we reproduce are pictures of actual scenes on the school grounds and are selected from a much larger collection which will be sent, with other statistical and personal information, on application to Miss J. E. Davis, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia. The three papers by Messrs. Richards, Green, and Randall were delivered at the annual Anniversary Exercises last May, and form a striking exhibit of the actual product of Hampton in men who can do useful things, think clearly about them, and express their thoughts in excellent and readable English. In our judgment, these three papers are worth publication, not merely as samples of Hampton work, but on account of their own intrinsic human interest. How many "Commencement Orations" chosen from programmes of the great literary universities could be published in the same way? The fact is that Hampton is not only furnishing its Negro and Indian students with the best sort of practical education, but is teaching the entire country a very much

needed lesson as well. It is quietly demonstrating in actual life the truth that industrial education and intellectual education are not only harmonious, but are absolutely essential one to the other. No man can think rightly about things unless he knows how to do those things; nor can he do them without having learned to think rightly about them. The man who knows by actual experience something about plants, soil properties, rotation of crops, irrigation, animal husbandry, vegetable gardening, and fruit-growing will get clearer ideas and a keener interest from the study of history, civics, and political economy. The man who has learned how geometry and mathematical formulæ apply to the work of the blacksmith, the mason, and the carpenter, or how the principles of industrial chemistry are essential to the trade of the painter and the textile worker, develops a capacity to appreciate the splendors and absorbing interest of book-learning that the mere book-learner can never have. General Armstrong, the noble founder of the institution, desired that Hampton should stand "pre-eminently for the idea of labor as a moral and educative force." His purpose—possibly his single purpose—was to instill this idea into the negro race. There is some hopeful indication that his purpose was greater than he himself knew it to be. For it begins to appear that, through the influence of Hampton and the institutions, white and black, which have sprung up under its example, this idea has been instilled more and more into the white race. Industrial education is a term very widely misunderstood. Too many people have thought that it was going to make plodders of us all—mere plane-pushers, mortar-mixers, anvil-pounders. Hampton Institute is practically disproving this. The right kind of industrial education ought to give and does give a man a keener enjoyment of all the beauty of literature, history, art, and music. It enables him, to be sure, to push a plane and lay a stone in mortar, but also to appreciate more profoundly the work of Giotto, Brunelleschi, and Sir Christopher Wren; it enables him to hold a plow to its furrow, and thereby the more to enjoy the paintings of François Millet, the discoveries of Faraday, the poems of Virgil and Theocritus.

These words introducing the reader to Hampton Institute would be incomplete without at least the mention of the two men who, in the spirit of its founder, General Armstrong, have, with greater burdens and in the face of greater obstacles than the public can ever know, brought the Institute to its present state of efficiency and achievement. These two men are Dr. H. B. Frissell, Principal of the Institute, and Mr. Robert C. Ogden, President of the Board of Trustees. The modesty and calmness with which they do their work have kept the general public less informed about them than it sometimes is about men much more talked about but much less deserving. Those Americans, however, who have given time and attention to the educational problems of the country know what Dr. Frissell and Mr. Ogden have accomplished, and place their names very high in the list of American patriots.—THE EDITORS.

I.—LEARNING BY UNDOING

BY T. E. RICHARDS, JR.

Learning by doing is one of the great ideals of Hampton Institute which has done much toward the creating of her name and fame. But while learning by doing has made her famous, let me also say that many of her students learn by undoing. Such has been my case.

In the Caribbean Sea, not far from the shores of Cuba, lies an island which is

called the gem of the West Indies. Its climate, luxuriant vegetation, and winding rivers make the island appear to the American tourist like a paradise, while the native, overcome by its balmy air and refreshing sunlight, remains in lazy contentment. He sees no reason why he should exert himself, when nature offers everything freely without struggle or worry. Again, the effects of the caste

system check his progress. From the time that the English took charge of the island, and even under Spanish rule, old birth and class distinctions were transplanted, and since then have taken deep root in the minds and hearts of the natives, so that the island has reached that unfortunate state which exists in every country when the working class is insufficient to support the aristocracy, and when there is no appreciation whatever for common work. England, on the other hand, being more progressive, has gradually shaken off these traditions and become more like America in democratic ideas. A man in Jamaica having three or more acres of land planted with bananas can safely call himself a country gentleman. My father, being fortunate enough to have a banana cultivation and some money, was looked upon as the country gentleman just mentioned. On this account we were not expected to do anything that servants should do. I spent most of my time keeping my father's books and doing such work as became my rank. Of course the rest was spent in school. Since my stay at Hampton I have often thought of the appearance I used to make with a little negro boy behind carrying my parcels, and many times I have thought what a fool I was.

My relatives, in talking to one of their American friends who was in sympathy with the island and its future, had gotten a glimpse of Hampton's ideas. They were shown how labor was uplifting, and how the Americans were succeeding because they believed this, and because everybody worked. After many months of discussion they were convinced, and Mr. E. B. Hopkins, the friend, made them part from me in order that I should see as the Americans saw.

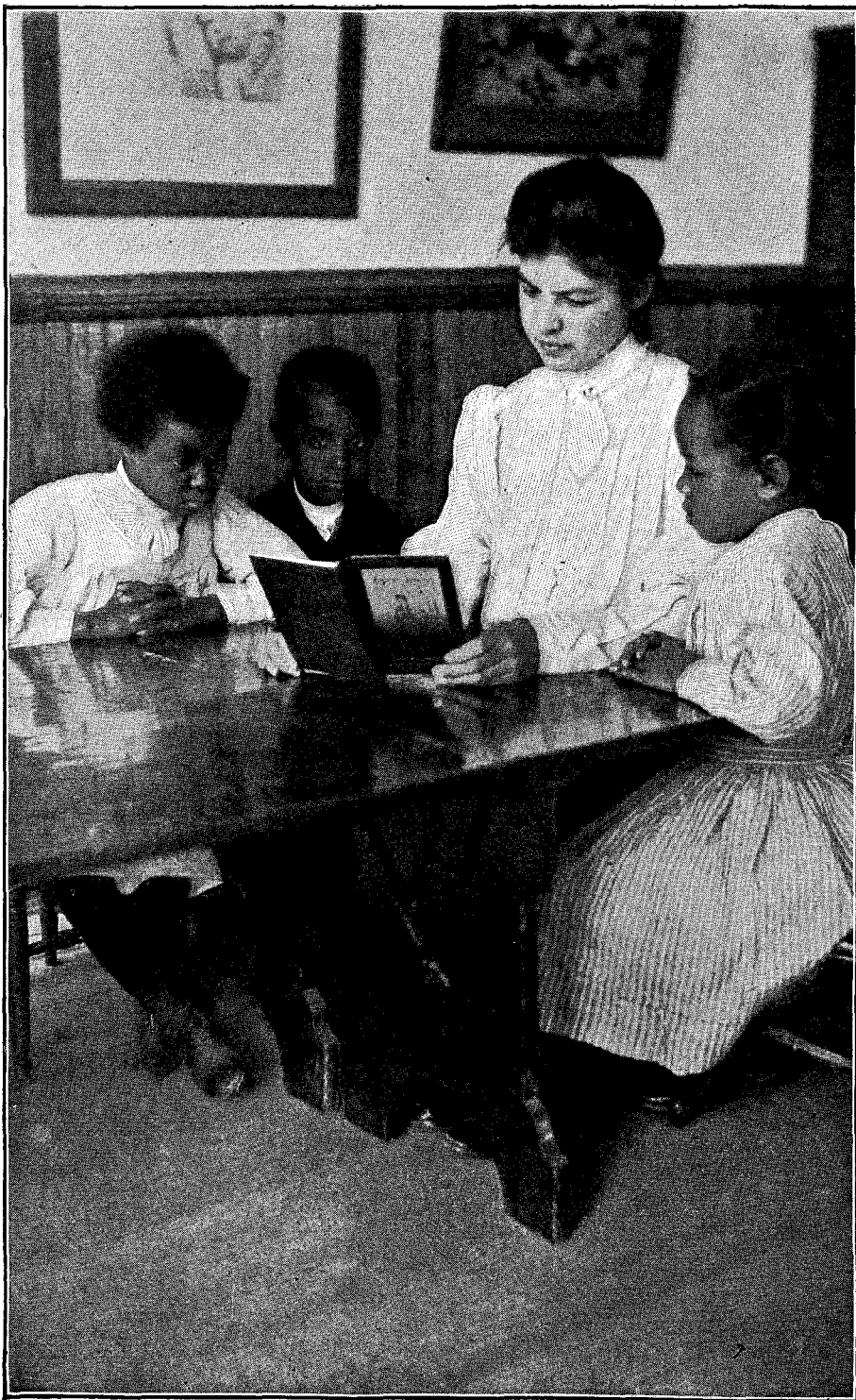
Early in the spring of 1902 two of us arrived at the school's gate. We were surprised in not seeing a student taking recess, for it was eight o'clock, or recess time. We waited and waited, yet there was no baggageman in sight. Finally, a passing student pointed out a wheelbarrow to us and told us to take our baggage to the office. My partner looked at me and I at him, each being unable to break the dead silence. We finally decided to take our trunks to the office,

as there was no one else to do it. All this time we were wondering what kind of an American college this was, not to have a baggageman. We soon found, however, that we were both baggagemen.

We were now assigned to our different rooms, and after a day of hard and curious investigation we separated for the night, thinking that the matron would call us in time for breakfast, so as to allow her to clean the room without disturbing us. Next morning I awoke about seven or eight, and, not seeing the matron, I asked for her. My speech was not easily understood by my mates, who thought I said, "Who cleans up?" At that moment they showed me the dust-pans and brushes of the room, one of them using the broom very cleverly as he explained matters to me.

Next Monday I reported to the greenhouse for work. I thought I was going to keep books or something of the kind, so I appeared on the scene well dressed. I saw the headman watching me, but I was too green to see his point. A little later I had a team of well-groomed horses going out of the seeming school bounds, and in less than ten minutes more I was changed from well dressed to well dirty. It is needless for me to tell how I manned the plow, for I never saw one before with so many parts. This was the beginning of my seeming difficulties. Anyway, I at once resolved to conquer all things for my country's sake. I am sorry to mention that my friend and fellow-traveler, being much more accustomed to his old living, could not meet Hampton's requirements and reforms. He could not learn by undoing. He therefore went home much mortified. My funds, on account of misuse, had been cut off, my friend was gone, my old ideas were failing me and new ones were taking their places.

I soon saw that it was impossible to learn by doing what I had been doing. Seeing that I was hemmed in on every side with new ideas and customs, I decided to abandon the old form of living and adopt the new. Since then my difficulties have vanished: my old idea of drawing the line has been changed for Hampton's reaping to sow. All the industrial pursuits for which I had



AN INDIAN STUDENT TEACHER
In the kindergarten of the Practice School

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inherited hatred I now sincerely like and admire. I have finished the machinist trade, and during two months of my summer vacation I took a course in the Brooklyn Automobile School. It was in this shop that I learned what real hustling meant. I spent the other part of my vacation in Jamaica. During my short stay there I now and then introduced the overalls publicly, but I met severe criticism. In many cases my

companions rejected my company. The Jamaicans, however, are coming around to the truth that labor is not degrading. Still, there will be a great problem in the future for the young Jamaican to solve. I am glad to say that when I return I shall not be so helpless and useless as when I came here four years ago, and I hope I may be able to do something toward bringing about a change of sentiment.

II.—THE EVOLUTION OF A HOPELESS CASE

BY CHARLES B. RANDALL

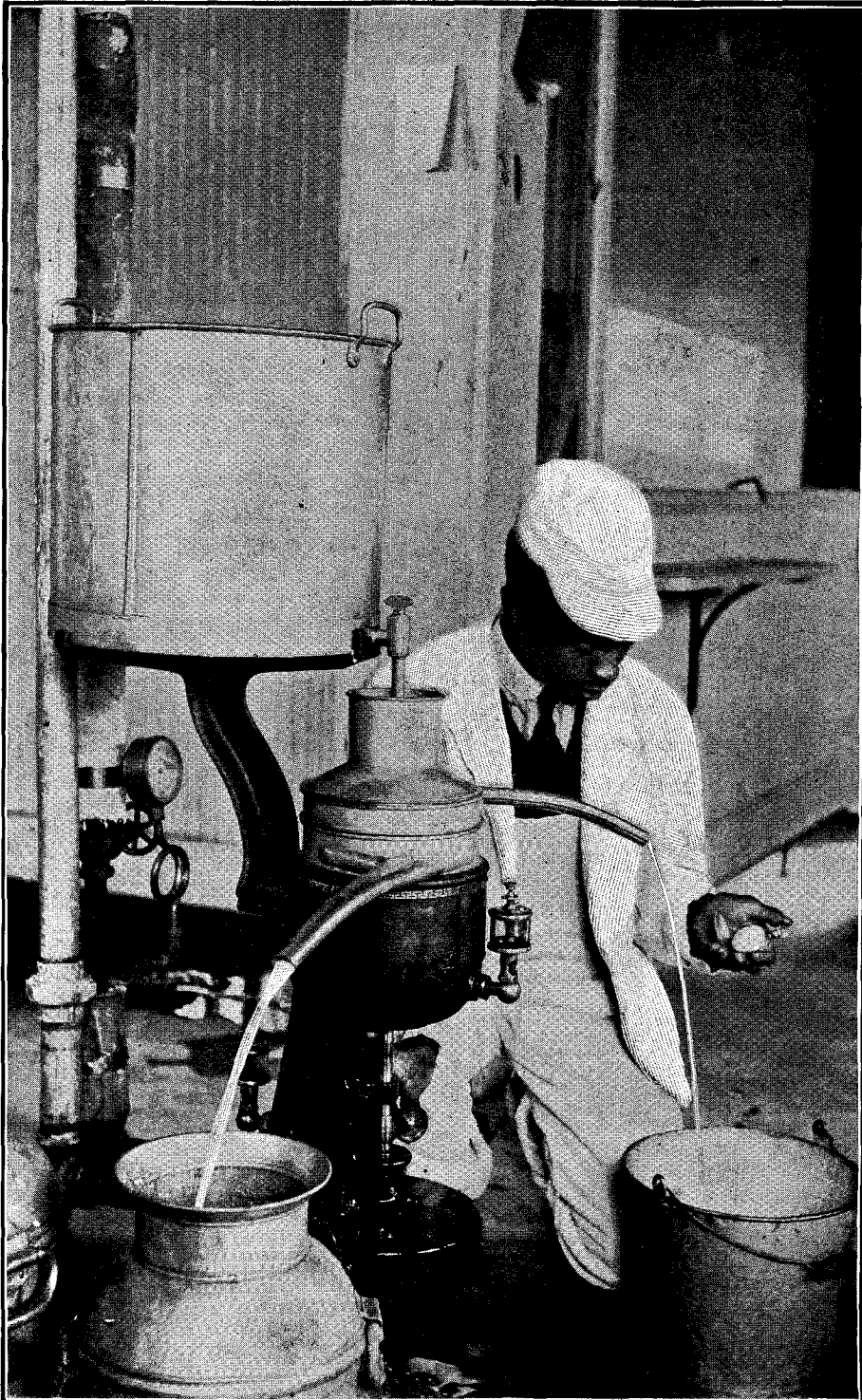
The first impressions of myself and my surroundings that remain in my memory are of a very humble home on a twenty-five-acre tract of land in Powhatan County, Virginia. I will not say farm, for, as nearly as I can remember, there were not two acres of cleared ground attached. This land was a gift to my father from a brother of his, whom at that time I had never seen. I pictured him in my mind as a very wealthy man, and certainly a very good one. I found out later that although my uncle was not very wealthy, he was really very good and very generous; that he was several years older than my father, and that he had gone to Massachusetts in 1866 with some Union soldiers, and there had worked and economized and saved his earnings to the extent that he was not only able to make this gift to my father, but was himself pursuing a course of study in a place called Hampton Institute.

There were three brothers older than myself. During the winter months all of the time that they could spare from the work of clearing and tilling the little farm they spent in school. I was not yet old enough to go to school, but I had a longing to know something about the contents of my brothers' books. My mother noticed this anxiety on my part, and purchased me a primer, and she labored during her spare moments to teach me the alphabet; so, at the age of six, I had pretty well mastered that primer. From that time until I was fif-

teen years of age I attended school from one to six months a year—more often one than six, for I had to help with the farm work. Had I been more industrious, it is probable that I might not have had the chance to go to school as much as I did. It was the common talk of the neighborhood that I was the laziest boy in it. Very often my father would let me go to school because he was tired of the job of trying to make me work. I could outstrip the best of them in the school-room, but when it came to work, I was not there except under compulsion.

In 1892 my uncle, of whom I have spoken already, paid us a visit. Before he left he very generously offered to give me the advantage of two years' training at Hampton at his expense. I do not know what was in his mind, but I have often thought since that, knowing Hampton as he did, he felt that here was the place to get me started to do something, if it were possible for me to be started. If that were his thought, it was most prophetic—as you shall soon see.

The following year I came to Hampton, entering as a day student. Before that time I had never been more than forty miles from that little farm in Powhatan County, yet I was so lazy and worthless and withal so pugnacious and mischievous that many people, who did not know, thought that I had been reared in New York. I have always since regretted that I did not get here a year earlier, for had I done so I would have had the pleasure



AN AGRICULTURAL STUDENT
Separating cream in the dairy

and privilege of seeing General Armstrong. He died a few months before my arrival. During my first year here very few days passed that did not set before me some allusion, some reminder, of that great and noble worker. All around me were the lasting monuments of his untiring labor and magnanimous self-sacrifice. All about me were living examples of thrift and industry. Every day I saw boys and girls working hard and attending school at night; and yet after eight months of this I emerged into vacation time about as lazy as when I started.

The following school year found me again at my place. I went through the same refining process again, and came out almost but not wholly dross. I applied for work in the Institute during that vacation, and my application was accepted. I set to work after the close of school, and in less than a dozen days I had worked in three different departments, each one considering itself well rid of me when I was gone. The thirteenth day marked the turning-point in my life. On that day happened the incident which to me takes precedence of all others in my life. Major Moton (then Captain Moton) called me to the office to talk to me, and what he said to me there changed the whole trend of my life and character. Perhaps he has never thought of it again, but I am sure that I shall never forget it. He scolded me soundly for my shiftlessness, and, among other things, said, "You are actually the laziest boy that I ever knew." In some way it seemed that that one sentence kindled all sorts of fires in my young brain. All of my native pugnacity came to the surface, and then and there I told the Captain that I would leave the school and not return. The following morning I did leave, apparently in high dudgeon, but in reality probably no student ever left this campus with more sober, serious thought, for down there near Marquand Cottage I had buried that morning the Randall of the day before, and was taking away the material for the development of another fellow by that name. In that same spot I had registered a vow that I would some day get to the place where Captain Moton would be willing to take back the assertion that he had made.

Since that time, as I have thought of Hampton, its work and its workers, it has been very apparent to me that the boy or girl who has had the privilege of living under its influence, and who has not been made better, whose life has not been changed to a grander, nobler, higher plane, whose aims have not been set higher, must indeed have been primarily of an extremely worthless clay. One of my reasons for relating these incidents in detail, as I have done, is to illustrate to you the fact about Hampton that impresses me most. It is the power that there seems to be here of getting hold of seemingly worthless fellows and drawing forth the true worth that is latent in them. Probably no boy here was ever started on the upward road in just the same manner that I was, but I believe it took just that to start me. When Hampton does not find out the secret, you may rest assured that the problem is difficult to solve.

After that interview with the Major I went to my home and worked on my father's farm until October, when I took charge of the school in which I had been a pupil two years before. I found real pleasure in the work, and did what I could to uplift those about me.

My next venture was at the North, in the city of Boston, where I went as a hotel man. Having never before been in a large city, the many alluring attractions of city life came near proving too much for me; but the vow that I had made and my remembrance of the warnings I had so often heard at Hampton kept me afloat. It took me nearly three years to learn that I would make but small success in hotel work. There was either something about the hotel that didn't suit me or something about me that didn't suit the hotel. I did not stop to figure out which was true, but I simply decided to change. I was helped in determining my future course of action by a very kind and generous friend of mine, a lady who was a guest of the hotel in which I worked. Together we planned that I should come back to Hampton, finish the course which I had already begun, and afterward learn a trade. I did not know what trade I would learn. Up to that time the only



BRANCH OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE
In the ironing-room of the laundry

work that I knew much about was farming or hotel work. I knew little of tools. I had not much inclination to learn about them, but somehow and somewhere I had gotten gumption enough to see that a trade was the thing for me. I finally entered the carpenter shop in 1899, at the age of twenty-three, with no inherent ability in that direction, and no experience save that acquired in the manual training department.

I finished the course three years later with some credit, I hope, and I am glad to say that very few days have passed since that time that I have not worked at my trade, either as hired man, instructor, or contractor. To-day I can show Major Moton some good results of my labor in three States—Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina.

At present my work is in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. My first work there was as instructor in carpentry and drawing in the State Industrial Institute. I am now working as a building contractor. I began the business with next to no capital, with but slight acquaintance with the people, and in the midst of the sort of competition that seemed to lead to starvation; but, in spite of all these hindrances, by diligent application of my time and energies to my work, and by promptness in meeting my obligations, I believe I can safely say that I have won the confidence and the respect of the people of both races. I have for a partner a young man who is a graduate of the Slater Institute. We have had a hard struggle together; we have had to do our work better and furnish better material than those in competition with us, while we have received very little more for services rendered than they.

At first the people seemed to think that to get work done cheaply was the chief aim in building. By a great sacrifice, we have demonstrated to them that this is not true, and to-day we do all of the best building that is done in the town by our race. The colored people have been operating a Building and Loan Association for about four years. During the past three years we have done the principal part of that work. There is no lumber-manufacturing place in town where an order from Randall and Smith is not gladly received and promptly delivered, and no brick concern will turn us down. Wherever we do work we endeavor to do it well and give satisfaction; and we work six days in the week, though the custom down there is to work five and a half. We have trained six young men in the trade to the extent that they now receive wages as high as the best colored workmen in the town. The struggle is still on, and we are still being inspired to higher achievement.

In conclusion, I must say, however, that whatever I have done, whatever respect and confidence I may have among my fellows, whatever influence for good I may wield, I must attribute the cause of it all, first, to the living interest of my mother; second, to the strong arm and will of my father; third, to the kindness and generosity of my uncle; and, last but by no means least, to the influence of Hampton's workers upon my life and character. My work shall continue to be in the direction of helping people not to be lazy, for I am convinced that there is very little hope for such people; and whenever I get hold of what seems to me a hopeless case, I think I can do no better than to recommend him to Hampton.

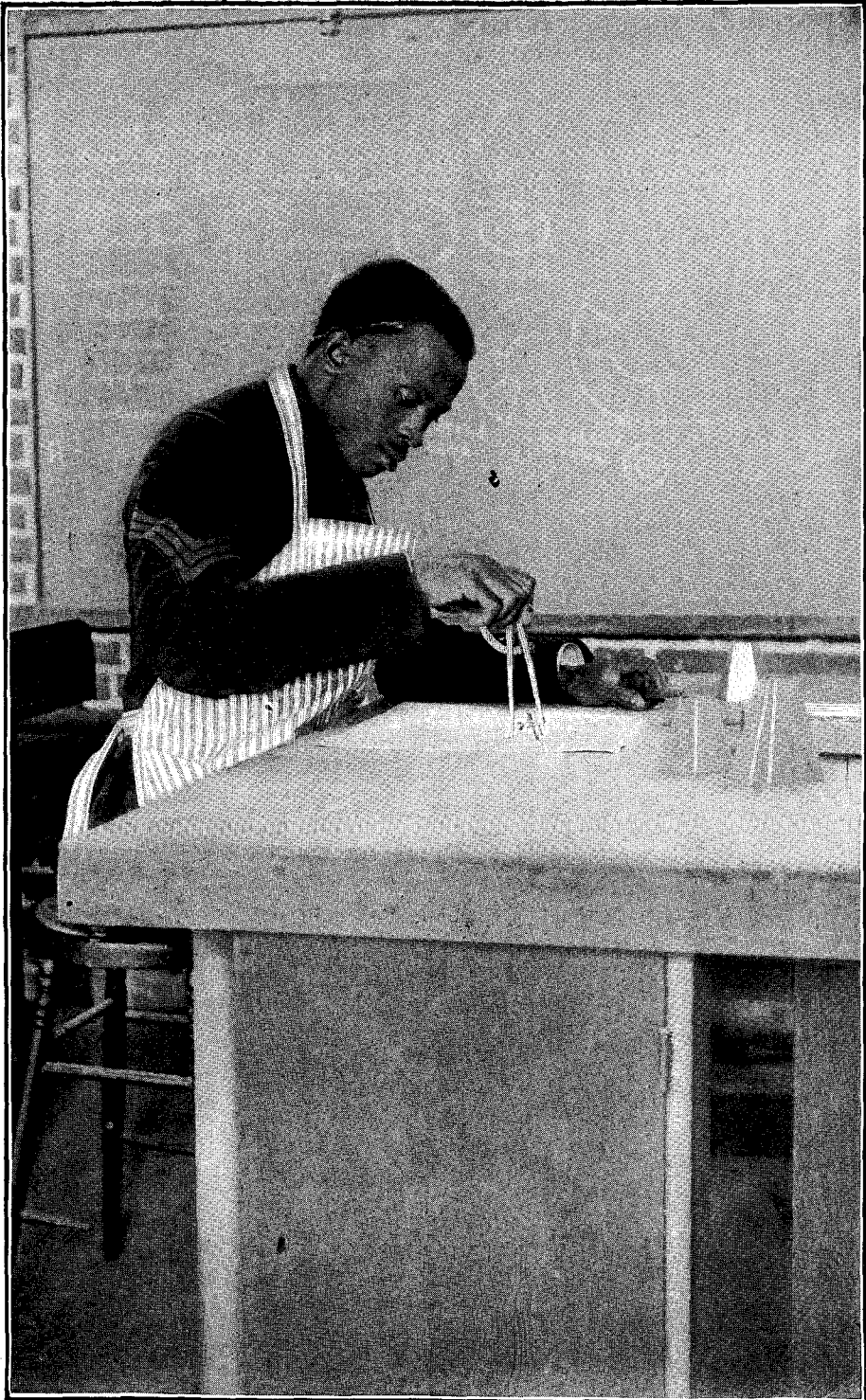
III.—INDIAN TRADITIONS

BY JAMES GREEN

The Indians neither built monuments nor wrote books. The only records they made were by means of wampum and pictures; consequently the stories told by the Indians are largely traditional, depending for their vividness on the intelligence or the imagination of the teller.

When I was a child, my father used to tell some of these traditions. How old they are he does not know—he only says his father used to tell them. I have remembered a few of them, and I will tell them as I remember them.

The first is the story of the creation of man, the monkey, the fish, and the



A CARPENTER STUDYING TINSMITHING AS A SUPPLEMENTARY BRANCH OF HIS TRADE

snake. The Indians believed in two gods, the Good and the Evil. The Good Ruler thought to himself that the world was incomplete with nothing living in the water nor on the dry land. So he created the beautiful fishes to live in the water, and man on the land. The Evil One saw that these two creations were good, and they made him angry and jealous. He went to work to imitate the Good Ruler. In trying to make a fish he made a snake. He felt ashamed that he could not make a fish, so he turned his labor toward making a man. But here he also failed; instead of making a man, he made a monkey. This is the way my forefathers believed men, monkeys, fishes, and snakes were made.

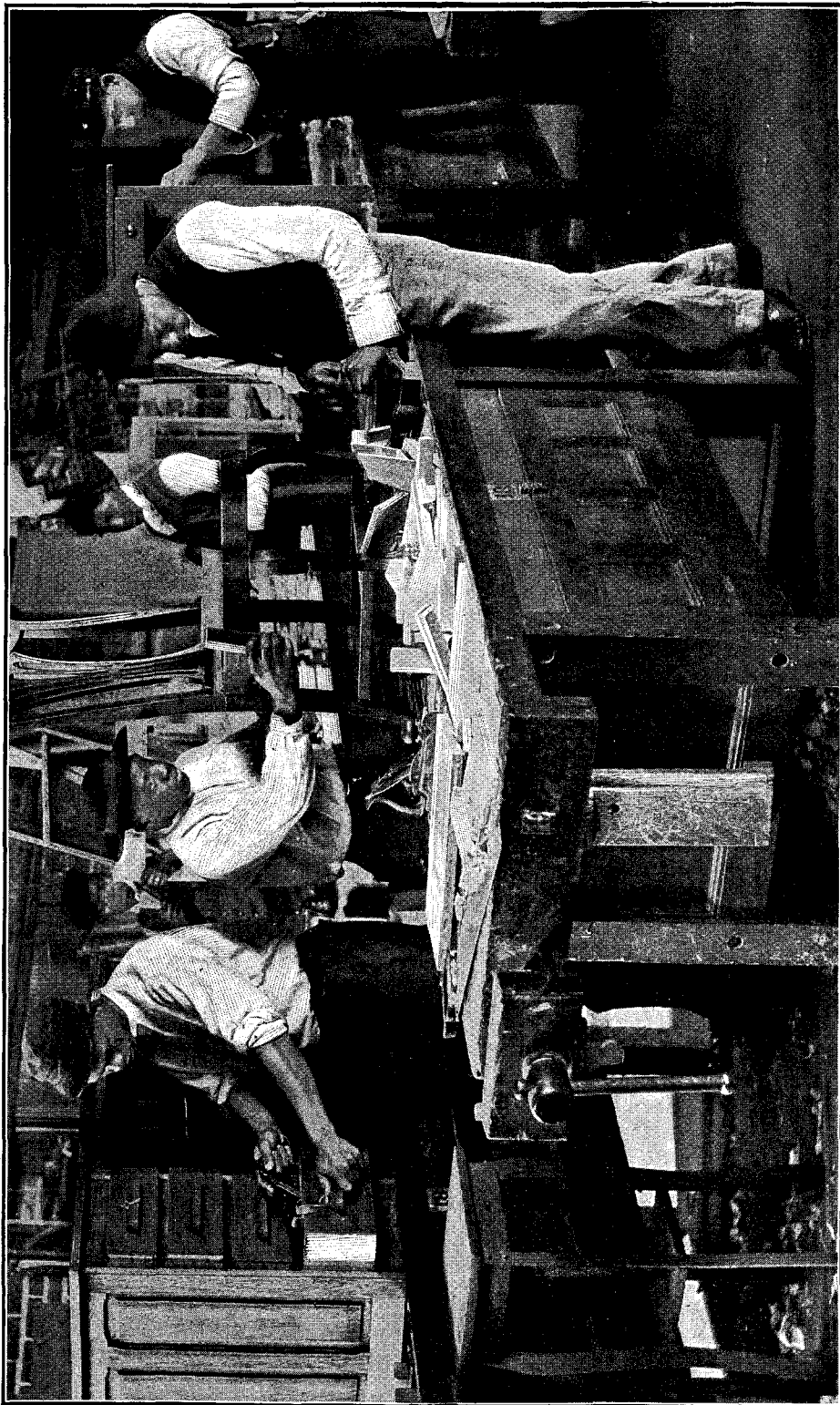
Another story my father used to tell is about the marriage customs of the Indians. There were eight clans to a tribe—the Bear, Beaver, Turtle, Deer, Snipe, Wolf, Heron, and Hawk. No one was allowed to marry another of his clan in any tribe. A Deer of the Senecas might marry a Turtle of his or of any tribe, but a Wolf might not marry a Wolf, nor a Bear a Bear. The children belonged to the clan of the mother. They not only called her mother, but they called her sisters mothers, and her sisters' children brothers and sisters; this is the reason they do not marry in their own clan. If the marriage proves unhappy, the parties are allowed to separate, and each is at liberty to marry again. An Indian once replied to a white man who criticised the marriage customs of the Indians, "You marry squaw; she know you always keep her, so she scold, scold, scold, and not cook your venison. I marry squaw; she know if she not good I not keep her, so she not scold, but cook my venison and always pleasant. We live long together."

About the world's coming to an end, my father used to say that there was a large piece of canvas in the heaven torn in many places, and there was a woman mending it. When she got through, the world would come to an end. But the canvas was always torn whenever there was any kind of a storm. I remember I used to rejoice whenever there was a hard thunder-storm, hoping that the

canvas would be torn to pieces, so that the old woman would never finish the work.

It is said that the Indian has no sense of humor, and therefore he has no jokes; but I think most of those who believe that would change their minds if they heard a few of the jokes in Indian language. The laughter part is lost in translation. Here is one that, when told in Indian language, makes anyone laugh who understands. It is about an Indian, who did not know his English very well, going to a white settlement. It seemed that a certain farmer had been visited by a thief who took a few melons. The farmer, upon seeing the Indian, asked if it were he who took the melons. The Indian, not understanding what was said, answered, "Yes." He saw that his answer made the other angry, so he thought he would say "no" the next time. The farmer went on to say, "Are you going away now and leave my melons alone?" "No," the Indian replied. This, when told by an Indian in his own dialect, makes his hearers burst into laughter.

The Indians have many animal stories. They will tell you why animals behave as they do and why they are made as they are. I once asked my father why it was that the dog was so friendly to the man. He said that long ago, before the white man had set foot on this land, all the animals were able to talk with the Indian. One time the animals called a meeting to discuss how the Indian was getting ahead of them in hunting and on the war-path. The wolf, bear, fox, and many others plotted to exterminate the Indian. In the midst of the discussion the dog rose up and expressed his opinion. He said, "If there is going to be a war, I will go and tell the Indians to prepare for it. It is unfair to the Indian and against the rule to hold a meeting when every one is not present." The horse was of the same opinion. This made all the others angry against the two, and they were about to do violence to them when the voice of the Good Ruler was heard in wrath. He said he had heard their council, and would punish them for their evil plotting and for partaking in a council when every one was not there. From that day



CABINET MAKING

Mr C B Randall, whose article appears on another page, learned the foundation of his trade in this shop

their power of talking was taken away from them, and they were made inferior to the Indian. As for the dog and the horse, they would always have been friends to the Indian, but their ability to talk was taken away from them also.

I used to like to hear my father tell of the happy hunting-ground. To gain admittance to this place, he used to say, we must live a good, straightforward life. At that place there was plenty of game and fish, and the place was only for the Indian. The white man could not enter this place because he was so cruel to the red children of the forest. I once asked him what became of those who did not live a good life. He said: "Those who like to torture dumb animals, such as the dog and the cat, will in the next world be made to cross a pit on a tight-rope. In the pit are dogs and cats ready to jump up on any one who should fall. If you have lied to your friends, the Evil Spirit will pour molten lead down your throat as many times as you have lied. If one has a wife and has the habit of beating her, he will be made to beat a white-hot statue of a woman with a rod, and at every stroke

sparks will fly at him and burn him. If one had danced other than as the Good Ruler ordained, he will be made to dance on a red-hot floor."

These traditions of my forefathers were held sacredly and reverently by former generations. But that feeling is now dying out, being supplanted by the doctrines of Christianity. In a few generations these traditions or old beliefs will be held only as folk-lore stories or fairy tales by the descendants of those who told them.

The uneducated Indian finds it hard to give up his ideas of religion to become a Christian. He does not see wherein the Christian religion is superior to his. But education is working a great change. Hardly any one now believes that by pointing to a rainbow one will get disfigured, or that if an owl hoots near a house death will come to one of the family.

No, the Indian did not build monuments nor write books, but the legends he has told and the mighty rivers he has named will always serve as his monuments, that he may not be forgotten when he shall no longer tread the land which was once all his own.



THE COMPANY OF THE FAITHFUL

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

The faithfulnesses of the past,
How quiet and obscure and vast
They reach behind us, making sure
The things that rise and that endure!

All things of glory and of worth
In faithfulness have had their birth;
Out of the deep of sacrifice
The pillars of the future rise.

The faithfulnesses of to-day,
Painful and hard and slow are they;
Yet inch by inch from them must grow
The nobler days that earth shall know.

From faithfulness to faithfulness
The world fights forward through its stress,
Duty the watchword, God the goal;—
Art thou of those that build, my soul?



DANIEL H. BURNHAM

CREATIVE AMERICANS

AN AMERICAN ARCHITECT

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

ARCHITECTS in this country are not infrequently heard deploring the handicaps under which they labor. Sites are often badly proportioned and so placed as to be almost unmanageable. Building committees are stupid, or they are inhumanly obstinate about exceeding the estimates. The client who demands no changes in the plan of his house after the walls are up, or, having asked for them, is willing to pay the extra bills without getting into a temper, is so rare as to be a kind of natural curiosity. In too many cases there is a wide difference between what the architect wants to do in order to realize an ideal, and what the purse or the taste of his employer will permit him to do. If he is carrying out a scheme under the best of circumstances, it is not

improbable that in the midst of his joyful progress he may be cast down by a strike. I have known a brilliant and successful young architect to declare that his pleasure in doing a piece of work was turned to bitterness by the innumerable annoyances suffered in the doing of it. Yet, when all is said, the American architect remains the spoilt child of his profession.

Nowhere else in the world will you find such building operations going forward as you may observe almost anywhere in the United States. Public enterprises are vast in number and in scope. Gigantic office buildings spring up like mushrooms. The plans filed for new private dwellings in city and country are past counting. So incessant is the demand for architectural services

that men in their thirties, or even younger, men fresh from the office training which succeeds the training of the schools, set up in business for themselves and win prizes in competitions or receive private commissions which the veterans of an earlier day might have envied. But it is not upon the mere magnitude of his opportunity that the American architect is to be congratulated. It is in the nature of his chance that he is fortunate. Witness the career of the subject of this paper, Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, of Chicago.

Born at Henderson, New York, in 1846, and early brought to Chicago, he came to maturity at just the time and in just the place favorable to the development of his gifts. In partnership with the late John Wellborn Root, he practiced his profession under conditions which gave him a unique problem to solve. They were not æsthetic conditions; they were business conditions; and they were, perhaps, a little more closely identified than any others with the daily movement of American life. It is customary when dealing with American literature or painting to talk about the growth in this country of intellectual interests and of the love of beauty. We take account of progress made. We speculate as to possible gains in the future. If architecture is our theme, we reflect more particularly on the evolution of an American style. Meanwhile the genius of the American people has fully and conclusively expressed itself, if anywhere, in the domain of practical things, and it has given to architecture not a style but a species—the office building fifteen or twenty stories high. It has been Mr. Burnham's part to illustrate this species, to do something in America that had never been done elsewhere. I do not mean that he invented it, for the entire profession has been occupied, more or less, with the construction of tall buildings ever since the steel-cage principle was established. It was to his partner, John Root, too, that much of the character in the earlier work of the firm was due. But from the start Mr. Burnham has been a builder of sky-scrapers, and it is in that rôle that he has achieved special distinction. Though he has put to his credit other work of

rich significance, as will be seen below, his office buildings belong in the foreground of his biography.

Consider the need put before him when he undertook to design them. It was not, in the first place, that they should be beautiful. It was that they should contain so many square feet of well-lighted space for renting purposes, the amount of space that would yield the owner a certain return on his investment. Owners vary in temperament. Some of them realize that a building is the more profitable as it is the more attractive to look upon. But in essentials the demand framed above is the demand made upon all designers of tall office buildings. When they settle down to work, they have to create a little cosmos, finding space for more things than go into any other type of building, with the possible exception of a great modern hotel. Take a typical building designed by Mr. Burnham. First come engine-rooms that in themselves embody interesting ideas of construction. Then come safe deposit vaults. On a higher level you will find shops and elaborately planned banking quarters, a restaurant, a rathskeller, and a café. Eight or ten elevators—some of them expresses—rise past hundreds of offices to club-rooms that lie just under the roof, where a garden puts the last touch to the building. In the marble-lined corridors there are faucets supplying filtered ice-water. There is hot as well as cold water in the lavatories. Corners for the telegraph companies are not forgotten. Facilities for mailing letters are on every floor as a matter of course. The man who chose to sleep in his office could live in a building like this all the year round. Obviously, the architect who serves his interests must be a master of humdrum detail. But he must be more than that if he is to satisfy his professional instinct, which is to make the outside of his building expressive of its inner character. Here arises a question which has been getting itself discussed for years, but which still remains on debatable ground.

The architect is an artist quite as much as the painter, the sculptor, or the musician, and he is loth to abdicate his artistic functions simply because he

is confronted by a problem apparently insoluble on a strictly artistic hypothesis. Two elements in that problem drive him almost to despair. His building must be so much greater in height than in depth or breadth that it seems impossible, to begin with, that his composition should have rational proportions. Of course if he could conceive of his building simply as a tower, all might go well; but he is generally hemmed in by other buildings on three sides, and, what is worse, there is his second cruel element to be reckoned with—the necessity for piercing the façade on every floor with the greatest possible number of windows. There is something grimly humorous about his predicament. Fate, grinning maliciously over his shoulder, drives him into an *impasse*, insisting that his is an engineering problem, not an artistic one, and urging him to make the best of a bad bargain. It is odds, however, that he will kick against the pricks, and move heaven and earth to show that where others have failed he will triumph, turning a sky-scraper into a work of art. There is something touching about the resolution with which the architects of America have held to this view of the matter. I have heard many of them arguing about it, and suggesting one new way or another out of the *impasse* just mentioned. At a dinner of the Architectural League, a year or two ago, the walls were covered with drawings and photographs of sky-scrappers, and all the speeches of the evening were devoted to the subject. One member had some interesting things to say about the use of steel externally as well as internally. He thought that if the cage were permitted to declare itself in the façade instead of being hidden in a shell of stone or brick, the result would at least be sincere and might even be made picturesque. There was talk, too, of using sheets of metal decoratively, and, of course, the claims of color were duly advocated. Polychromatic façades have been built in Europe, and some of them are charming, but then they have been executed on a very modest scale. The experiment of treating the sky-scraper in color from top to bottom has not yet been tried. There

is a chimney-like building in Chicago over which I believe Mr. Root used to let his color sense play in imagination, but his dream was never realized. I could not help feeling at the League dinner to which I have referred that all ideas of lending an artistic significance to the sky-scraper are necessarily such stuff as dreams are made of. After all, do they not resolve themselves into a principle which would transmogrify the sky-scraper into something else, making it a hybrid instead of the clean-cut symbol of American business life that it can be made so long as the architect recognizes his limitations and plays the game?

Mr. Burnham has played the game. That is what has made him a conspicuous and valuable figure in American architecture. All that despair of which I have spoken is reserved for the designer who will not look facts in the face, but doggedly goes on evading them and producing sky-scrappers which are impressive, if at all, by virtue of their bulk alone. Mr. Burnham has gone to the root of the matter. Perceiving that the sky-scraper rests upon a principle of prosaic simplicity, he has made simplicity the keynote of his work. He has made no effort to disguise the fact that such a building is just a succession of so many layers of cubicles, all calling for light and air. He has given those cubicles the value belonging to them in the composition, only endeavoring, as he has multiplied windows, to break up their monotony by the most judicious means. He is, as a rule, sparing of decoration. To lighten the appalling masses with which he has to deal, he looks rather to modifications, at a few points, of the broad structural lines. Thus, in the Railway Exchange at Chicago, a building seventeen stories high on a space 171 feet square, he has gained relief for his façades, and a measure of light and shade, by throwing out shallow bays at regular intervals, and carrying these bays from the third floor to the twelfth. Just beneath the cornice the windows are made circular and the surface around them is enriched with sculptured ornament. Otherwise the building is as bald as the packing-cases

with which so many sky-scrapers have been compared, and, save that it has a cornice lacking in weight and that the entrances want emphasis, the building is a success. That is, it looks like an office building, it is dignified and in good taste. Elsewhere Mr. Burnham has used with admirable effect a system of classical columns, two stories high, at the bottom of his building, with a similar system of columns or pilasters supporting arches beneath the cornice. The First National Bank and Commercial National Bank Buildings in Chicago, the Ford Building in Detroit, the Frick Building in Pittsburg, all bear witness to the usefulness of this motive. In the Frick Building still further variety is gained by the division of the façades, from the lower system of columns to the upper system, into arched sections, the arches resting on long, slender piers. But it cannot be said that the physiognomy of any one of Mr. Burnham's sky-scrapers is radically differentiated from that of another. Every one of them is simplicity itself. Are any of them beautiful, in the strict interpretation of the word? Hardly that. Theirs is the beauty of fitness. They are beautiful as a great war-ship is beautiful. If they have a grace, it is the grace of refinement, but that is all. Now this is not to say that Mr. Burnham, in leaving beauty to take care of itself, has left out something without which his work is lifeless. On the contrary, it is to say that he has got at the secret of his problem and has magnificently triumphed.

There is one sky-scraper of his which, more than any other, has provoked discussion—the Fuller Building on Madison Square, better known as the Flatiron. It has been denounced as merely hideous. Some people maintain that it is beautiful, either because they like to entertain views which they are pleased to regard as original, or because they have observed the building looming in the fog, late on a winter's night, with lights in many of its windows. For my own part, I believe that its considerable merit lies in nothing more nor less than its consummate exploitation of the eccentric site as a business investment. Every inch of the space available is put to profitable

purpose. Corridors, elevators, lavatories, and staircases are concentrated in the center of the building, with the result that every office has an abundance of light and air. As for the façades, they are inferior to others by the same designer chiefly because their surfaces are rather more freely teased with expedients meant to secure decorative effect and relief. One adverse commentator on the building, criticising it at the time of its completion, neglected to ascertain the name of its designer, and gravely stated in print that the misguided man might have done better if only he had gone to sit at the feet of Mr. Burnham. That blunder was an oblique testimony to the fundamental strength of Mr. Burnham's work. He has accustomed his critics to simplicity and mass. Striving, for once, in the Flatiron, for an impossible lightness, he gave some ground for the assumption that the building had been done by some one else. For once he lost his hold on his best resource, the resource that marks him as so much an American, a masterly kind of common sense.

Is that quality incompatible with the artistic sense? Is Mr. Burnham any less the artist because he has designed his sky-scrapers from a rigidly practical point of view? The best answer to these questions lies in the record of his work on what can only be described as great civic improvements. He showed something of what he could do in this direction in 1893, when, as chief architect and director for the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, he bore a fruitful part in that extraordinary architectural ensemble. Since then he has been identified with various public schemes of great importance. He was made Chairman of the National Commission established for beautifying the city of Washington, and he has served in the same capacity on a similar commission formed in Cleveland. Chicago and San Francisco have claimed his ability for work along these lines, and two years ago he submitted reports to the Secretary of War on proposed improvements in Manila and Baguio, in the Philippines. It is impossible to traverse here in detail any of these schemes, but

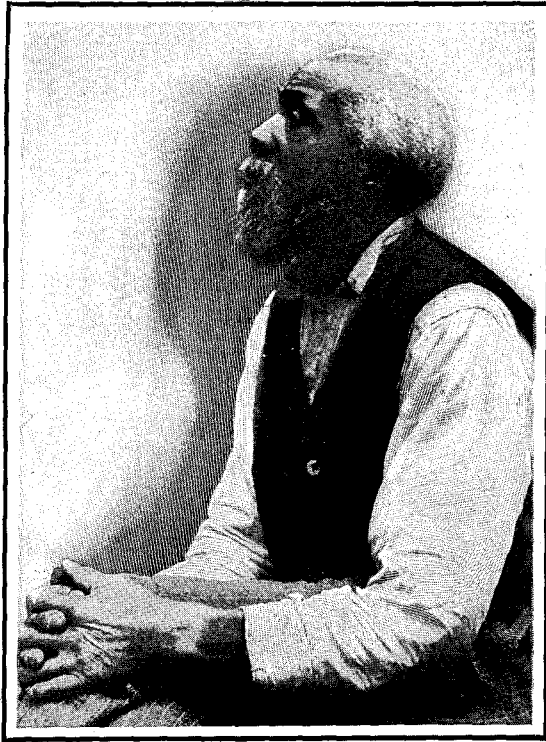
that, indeed, is not really necessary. The important thing is the general character of the inspiration he has brought to his grandiose tasks. His first thought, after looking over the ground, is for the every-day necessities of the city. His report on the improvements proposed at San Francisco before the earthquake accounts for public and private buildings, looking boldly to the future, but at the same time showing a proper solicitude for the situation then existing and the adjustment of a policy of adaptation and slow change to one of ultimate creation. Beauty is sought—beauty in architecture and in vistas; but convenience is constantly remembered, as is so unpoetic a thing as sanitation. Turning then to the lovely natural surroundings of the city, Mr. Burnham works out a heroic plan, contemplating the bringing of something like unity out of the vast area, and the linking of the city through landscape gardening, monumental terraces, and so on with the wild panorama stretching beyond its limits.

The report on proposed improvements at Washington, framed by Mr. Burnham in collaboration with his fellow-architect, Charles F. McKim, the sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and the landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., makes, with its maps, diagrams, plans, and other illustrations, a stout volume. In a nutshell, it advocates the extension and perfection of L'Enfant's famous plan, and the creation of a symmetrical whole, embracing balanced groups of public buildings, with parks, monuments, and fountains all contributing to one superb effect. The classical motive has already been fixed at Washington as the one which should control, and how well Mr. Burnham understands this is shown by the new Union Station which is his

personal contribution to the architectural scheme. But what is bound especially to impress the reader of this report is the deeper and broader conception it reveals, a conception transcending that of architectural style. The point to the whole document lies in its presentation of a city made beautiful not only with builded stone but with water, earth, and sky. A glorious avenue of trees is made as important to the plan as the Capitol itself. The object aimed at is not a museum of monumental buildings for the architectural student, but a beautiful city for men to live in. A passage in Mr. Burnham's report on improvements suggested for Manila recommends the development of a certain section along the water front with a view to fostering the social life of the city; and in a foot-note the architect says:

The delightfulness of a city is an element of first importance to its prosperity, for those who make fortunes will stay and others will come if the attractions are strong enough; and the money thus kept at home, added to that freely spent by visitors, will be enough to insure continuous good times. The aim should be to make Manila really "The Pearl of the Orient."

That note is characteristic of Mr. Burnham, characteristic in its feeling for things "delightful," and in its sterling common sense. Washington, San Francisco, Cleveland, Chicago, and the cities of the Philippines will be, if he can have his way, places of beauty. Also they will be healthful, convenient places, good to live in. It is a great thing that the artist should dream dreams, but it is equally important that he should know and sympathize with the world in which he lives. Mr. Burnham's work, whether it take the shape of a sky-scraper or of a city clothed in new beauty, is first and last a demonstration of this truth.



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THE DAY'S WORK DONE

BY MARTHA YOUNG

ILLUSTRATED BY JULIANA ROYSTER

Lord, when dat evenin' fall,
Dew on de earth and rest for all,
Seem lak I hear Ole Massa call:

"Come in, Chillen, come in now,
Set up de hoe and lay by de plow—
Come in all y'all somewayhow.

"Come in, Chillen, as bes' you may,
'Caze you is Mine, I hatter let you stay—"
(How kin Ole Massa sen' his own away?)

"Come in, Chillen, 'fo' de darkness fall,
I don't want be missin' airy chile at all—
Come in, Chillen, de good and—all."

AN HEIR OF THE MINNE-SINGERS

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER



SEPPERL, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

IT is fitting that clairvoyance should have taken us to Klausen. We were in tourist-infested Toblach, yearning for peace and atmosphere. So we smoothed out the map and threw open our souls to the play of whatever it is that brings us "just our luck."

"Klausen," mused Veilchen-Augen, blotting out with her forefinger the Brenner Pass: "when I was a little girl, some one sent me a postal of an old mill there."

"All aboard!" I put in. "I have a sort of feeling—"

"Done!" she cried. And, with the impetuosity of youth, on the strength of "a sort of feeling," we requested our Roman bankers to address us in Klausen until further notice.

A leisurely train deposited us and our bag by a swift little river. On the other side lay a narrow village squeezed in between gardens running to the water and the sheer crag of Cloister Säben, topped by towers and churches and battlements.

We crossed the bridge, turned from the tiny square into a narrow, cobble-paved lane—the high street of the town—plunged through a black portal, and

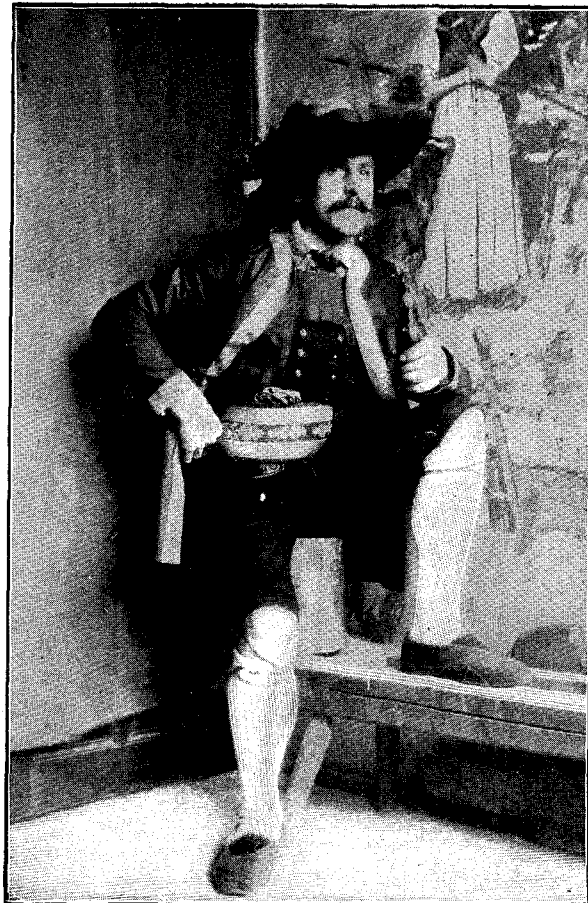
climbed some spiral stairs straight into the fifteenth century.

Hand sought hand, and our private code decided that, among all earthly rooms, the dining hall of the Gasthof zum Lamm was our first choice. It had been a council chamber before Columbus began to make eggs and monarchs stand about in Spain, and half of it was two stories high with a latticed stone balustrade running around a balcony from which gloomy passageways led to all sorts of mysterious and romantic places. An ancient iron chandelier swung from the lofty roof.

A crucifix gleamed large and pallid as death from the further wall. A Romanesque arch led to the lower ceiled section, with its paneled roof, its quaint frescoes, and its Erker windows of small round leaded panes—the precious iridescent kind with a bubble in the center.

A watchman's lantern and halberd hung on a pillar, and before we slept we found that these were no anachronisms. For, at ten, a real old Nachtwächter, with lantern, halberd, and hooded mantle, shuffled down the lane in resonant clodhoppers, stopped before our window and intoned the following:

"Loust auf ihr Herrn und lasst euch sagen:
Der Hammer im Turm hat zehn Uhr geschlagen.
Zehn Uhr!
Lobet Gott und unsere liebe Frau.
Betet für die armen Seelen im Fegfeuer
Dass Gott ihnen allzeit gnädig sei.
Gebt Obacht auf das Feuer
Damit kein Unglück g'schiet.
Zehn Uhr hat's geschlagen.
Gelobt sei Jesus Christus."



VALENTINE GALLMETZER, THE TYROLESE
SCULPTOR, IN HIS HOLIDAY PEASANT COSTUME

This lyric at once tempts and baffles
translation :

Hearken, masters, to my rhymes:
The steeple hammer has struck ten times.
Ten o'clock!
Praise ye God and his dear Mother.
Pray for the poor souls burning in hell,
That God may ever use them well.
Take good care your fires to smother
To avoid bad luck.
Ten o'clock has struck!
Praised be Jesus Christus.

Not that we understood anything but
the "Zehn Uhr!" for many a night,
as old Sepperl, during the fifty years
that he had been chanting his quaint
rigmarole, had lost his teeth and cracked
his voice beyond repair, without in the
least compromising the breadth of his
dialect. But that made it all the more
exciting, and every evening we stood in

our window waiting at ten, or were ro-
mantically awakened at twelve or one
by the punctual clump-clump and the
croon, and we counted that night lost
unless we could puzzle out at least one
more word. We found, though, that we
were not alone in our ignorance, and
whenever we asked a Klausener what
Sepperl sang, he would smile and say:
"He mutters an ancient rune, I myself
hardly comprehend it. The lieber Gott
and he know best."

Finally we caught Sepperl himself,
and gave him a liter of red wine to per-
form his function untimely. *Aber* slowly
and distinctly!

It was hard to leave our inn long
enough to look at the town—our fasci-
nating "Guest-court to the Lamb," with
its sunny rose garden climbing the moun-

tain and its shady bowling garden running down to the river, its high arched hallways wherein lurked monstrous wine-butts, its passages leading to attics full of enticing old furniture and fragments of the Middle Ages, its hospitality and its mottoes.

In the entrance hall (how few other entrances are *truly* entrancing!) a friendly fresco declared:

"Willkommen Wanderer, hab' kein Angst,
Droben gib't's wass du verlangst."

Welcome, wanderer, have no fear;
Everything you want is here.

But finally we managed to gain the street and pass through the Brixen Gate, the sole relic of the fourth-century days, when Klausen was the walled city of Subsabione on the border between the Roman land and Illyria.

The signboard of the outlying inn, "Zum Kalten Keller," attracted us. It was a quaint painting of a caparisoned knight, and bore this legend:

"Herr Luitpold ist vor vielen Jahren
Als Minnesänger herumgefahren,
Kehrt' auch in diesem Hause ein,
Trank daselbst viel guten Wein,
Auch fand er gut zu leben,
Drum blieb er gern in Säben."

The host came out while we were gaping at his sign, and received us with the deep, quiet, joyous courtesy of an old and tried friend.

"The gracious Herrschaften are Amerikaner? Ah, no, we have never before seen any one from among the wilds and the red savages of Brazil." (America means South America to most of the people on the Brenner.)

"We are honored that the high-well-born Amerikaners come to visit Klausen. Have you seen the sights? Ah, you take for mein signboard an interest. That ruined castle half-way up to Säben was Luitpold's own."

"No wonder, then," we told the good host, "that this place is so poetic, if it was actually the home of a Minnesinger."

"Ach wass!" he exclaimed, "a greater than Luitpold has been here."

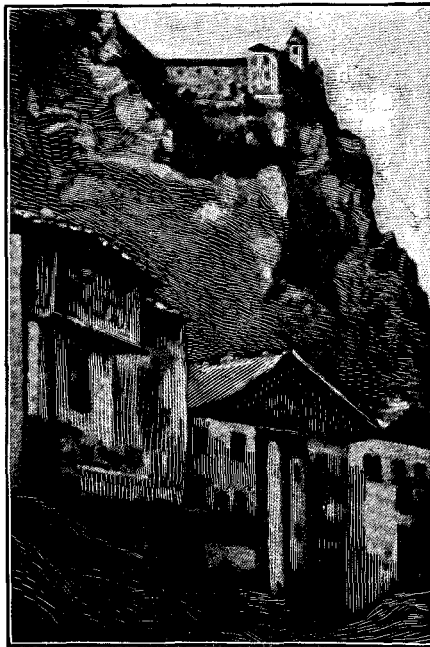
He pointed to a beautiful pine wood on the mountain side across the river. "Yonder was born Walther von der Vogelweide. The Herrschaften are perhaps staying at the Lamm? Why, the wonderful Rathsaal where you eat is

dedicated to that greatest of the Minnesingers, and the bowling garden that runs down to the river has been christened the 'Walther-Garten.'"

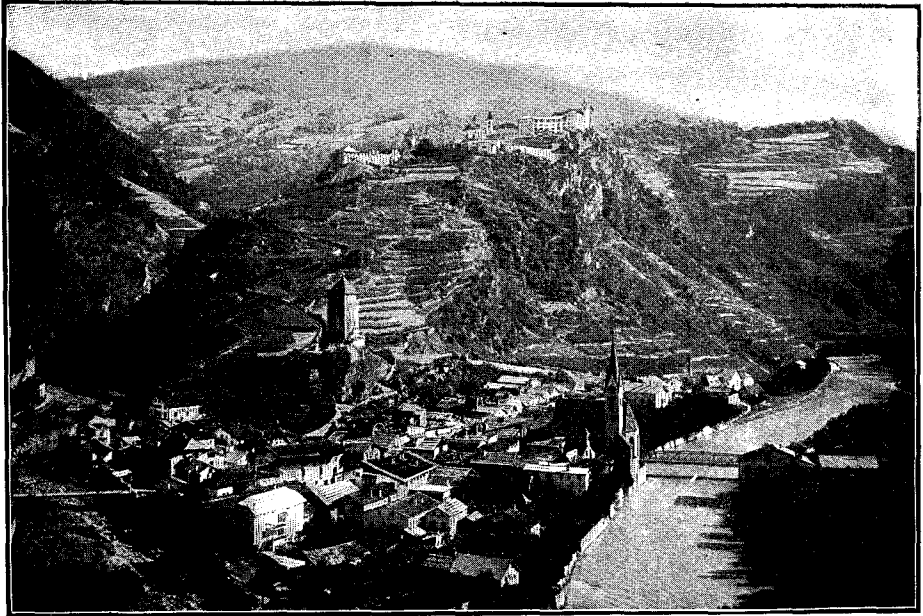
We stared in amazement. This was the first time since landing in Naples that we had ever heard an innkeeper refer without bitterness or contempt to a rival establishment. And the modern inhabitants of Klausen began to interest us as much as the ancient.

We did not live there long before discovering that the millennium had all but arrived in that romantic little place. The Klauseners are all brothers. The innkeepers often drop in on each other for a friendly glass, and the only feud in the whole countryside is between a man of unsound mind and a gentleman from North Germany. Fighting and lawlessness are unknown, and the entire police force consists of old Sepperl, whose functions are confined to the realm of purest poesie.

After sampling our host's "cold cellar," or rather pretending to, we returned with even greater zest to explore this town of brotherly kindness and of mediæval bards. Truly, in those narrow, glamorous streets poetry seemed more natural than prose, and we should not have been



KLOSTER SÄBEN FROM KLAUSEN



PANORAMA OF KLAUSEN WITH SÄBEN IN THE DISTANCE

surprised to hear the town cobbler addressing his apprentice in rhyme from his doorway, or to learn that the tax assessments were made out in sonnet form. At every turn we saw a lovelier bay window, a more worm-eaten saint enshrined, a quainter signboard, a more entrancing peasant costume, and more eagerly projecting eaves.

There was a poetry in the very salutations of those we met; for Klauseners feel the solidarity of the human race rather more than New Yorkers, for instance, and every one greets every one else kindly in the land of the Minnesingers.

On the rough stone steps leading up the crag to Cloister Säben we met a peasant.

"Grüss di' Gott!" (God greet thee) he exclaimed, snatching off his rough cap with a profound bow.

Presently, rounding a corner, I came upon a young Klausener.

"Heil!" (Hail) he cried to me. Then, catching sight of Veilchen-Augen, "Ich habe die Ehre mich zu empfehlen." (I have the honor to recommend myself.)

Up near the ruined castle of Luitpold an aged peasant woman explained the panorama to us, saying as she moved away, "B'hüt' di' Gott!" (God preserve thee.) And when Veilchen-Augen offered

her grandchild some candy, the old peasant cried, "Küss die schöne, kleine, süsse Hand!" (Kiss the beautiful little sweet hand), and suited the action to the word.

Much of Säben is not open to the public, but from the foot of the highest tower we could look up the valley to Brixen, and down to the picturesque castle of Waidbruck, half-way to Bozen. The sight of sights, however, lay eastward, where the red and jagged peaks of the Dolomites began to peep above the evergreen mountains of Tyrol.

"What a paradise for a painter!" was our refrain all the morning; and we began to speculate as to whether the law of the rotation of crops did not hold for art as for agriculture, and whether we might not find some Klausen brush or chisel upholding the grand traditions of the Minnesingers.

After lunch Veilchen-Augen gave a scream of joy, and beckoned wildly. She had found a Dürer etching, and, lo! the background of *Dass Grosse Glück* was no other than our Klausen. Then the Lamm's old guest-books were brought to us, and there we discovered loving local sketches in oil, water-color, charcoal, crayon, pen, and pencil, by some of the most eminent modern Austrian and Ger-



GALLMETZER'S FIRST PRIZE MODEL OF HASPINGER
This monument is to be erected in 1909 at Klausen

man artists, such as Defregger, Kirchner, Lange, Zingerle, and Koester. Klausen, said our hostess, had been a favorite rendezvous in former years for the great Munich crowd, and we could well believe her.

On the wall close to our table was a particularly glamorous etching of the Rathsaal itself, and we went to inquire for a copy at a shop near by.

"Radierung?" echoed the rosy-cheeked young mistress. "I hardly know what the gracious, high-well-born ones mean, but I shall fetch my man." Her sturdy "man" had a workman's apron, a bullet head, and fine, intelligent, preoccupied eyes. But when he heard that the strangers wished an etching, he was aflame on the instant with sympathy and enthusiasm. "Then you, too, are of the elect?" his eyes seemed to say. It was a lightning change such as we had known in the bright library of youth when the spent traveler at nightfall murmured "In His Name" in the ear of the surly baron.

"Unluckily, I have it not," he said. "You are the first among travelers to require an etching. But the Herrschaften, would they not be so good as to step into my *atelier*?"

He threw open a door, and we entered an enchanted spot. It was the studio of a wood-sculptor. One saw on second glance that he was a genius. A great serene Madonna, nearly delivered from her wrappings of spruce, towered over us—a work as far above the ordinary church saint of commerce as Dürer is above a Journal artist. The place was alive with finely conceived St. Florians pouring unwooden water upon fiery houses; with exquisite crucifixes and humorous night-watchmen and lantern-bearing Lüsterweiberle, who fluttered gayly from the ceiling; with beautiful and spirited terra-cotta statuettes and portraits in clay and plastolene. From that day my time began to be divided between the rose garden, where one could write in a glorious peace and look out on mountain and river and read books from Vieusseuf's Florentine library, and the studio of Valentin Gallmetzer, whose chisel made clean, pleasant sounds in the spruce Madonna.

The place, the man, and the work fascinated me, and on the third day I asked for a piece of wood and a tool.

"Ach nein," was the answer; "so rash goes it not. The place to begin is at the beginning."

He hurried out, and returned with a board full of clay. Then he unhooked a plaque in low relief from the wall, brought forth some worn modeling instruments, and arranged everything on a stand.

"First one must learn to model," he said.

That was the beginning of a fatal passion. Before long writing went by the board and the rose garden was deserted, while I, in an unspeakable apron, became sculptor's apprentice for eight hours a day.

And thus I came to know and love the modern representative of the Minnesingers.

Bit by bit, while he was chiseling his Madonna, or modeling in relief some quaint religious procession of Tyrol, or repairing a wayside crucifix, his life history and his true self came out.

His story reminds me of that tale of the Italian painter who was found as a boy tending sheep and making charcoal sketches on the rocks. Only Valentin Gallmetzer was not so fortunate as to be found. He had to find himself. Born in a *Bauer's* hut, a few leagues north of that famous Renaissance Italian, he spent his life watching his flocks on the high slopes of the Eggenthal, feeding his passion for art by carving the sticks and modeling the clay he found about him. Often he besought his father to let him go and study art, but the old man only called him an idiot, and bade him mind his sheep. And, as a pious Tyrolese lad would never dream of disobeying his parents while they lived, Valentin stuck to his flocks. But at length the son's goodness and patience and enthusiasm prevailed, and at eleven o'clock on the night of his twenty-eighth birthday he received the paternal blessing and leave to seek his artistic fortune. At three that morning he shouldered his bundle, and set forth on his penniless, merry trudge toward the goal.

He apprenticed himself for three years

to a wood sculptor in the Grödner Thal, who gave him three meals a day and one suit of clothes in the year in return for his labor. During that time he never possessed a coin nor tasted beer or tobacco. Yet he was blessedly happy, even when people told him, as they often did, that he was too old to become a sculptor.

When his apprentice days were over, he walked up to Munich and entered the

and well in the German classics, and had thought keenly about it all. Often during that idyllic summer, Veilchen-Augen would sit with us in the bright little studio, within sound of the rapid Eisack, reading aloud from Lessing or Goethe or Schiller while the Meister (as we called him) copied her hands on his Madonna and I wrestled with the Hermes of Praxiteles. And now and again the Meister would talk of what had been



KAPELLE AT KLAUSEN

Academy, studying three years with a professor whose stock criticism was, "Scratch that refuse down!" But the savage master never said this to Gallmetzer. All day he toiled at the Academy. At night he earned his living by hard manual labor.

"I have studied only sculpture in my life," he said once to me. "Otherwise I am a terribly ignorant fellow. If you could only see me once write a letter, for instance, you would laugh yourself dead."

Yet I found that he had read widely

read, showing that he had deeply pondered many a knotty point in the philosophy of art and of life.

On his graduation with honors the Meister chose wood as his principal medium of expression; for wood sculpture is the most characteristic phase of Tyrolese art, and the Meister is a true patriot above everything. But it was fortunate that his wife was a passionate business woman and that he presently inherited enough patrimony to buy her a diminutive fancy goods store. For

though the Meister, at the age of thirty-eight, is now the first sculptor in Tyrol, it may be years before pure art can suffice to support the little family.

He is a tremendous toiler, rising every week-day at half-past four and working till dusk, often returning to the studio in the evening. Yet his Madonna, which required three months of such labor, brought him a fee of—forty dollars!

I once asked him how he could stand the strain.

"Ach!" he answered, "that is my splendid, sound peasant blood—my twenty-eight years on the mountains." He was intensely proud of his peasanthood and its traditions, and once he dressed up for us in the holiday costume of his native valley, joyfully showing us the ancient, richly studded leathern girdle which his great-grandfather had worn before him.

With all this went in full measure the Tyroler's piety and love of Roman Catholic ceremonial. He attended every service in the church across the square, and took part in its frequent picturesque processions through the streets.

Even such a hardy nature, however, has its moments of discouragement, and I remember, one day when the Madonna was not behaving well, that he quietly laid down his mallet and took a train for Bozen, to spend a few reverent, receptive hours in the tiny museum there.

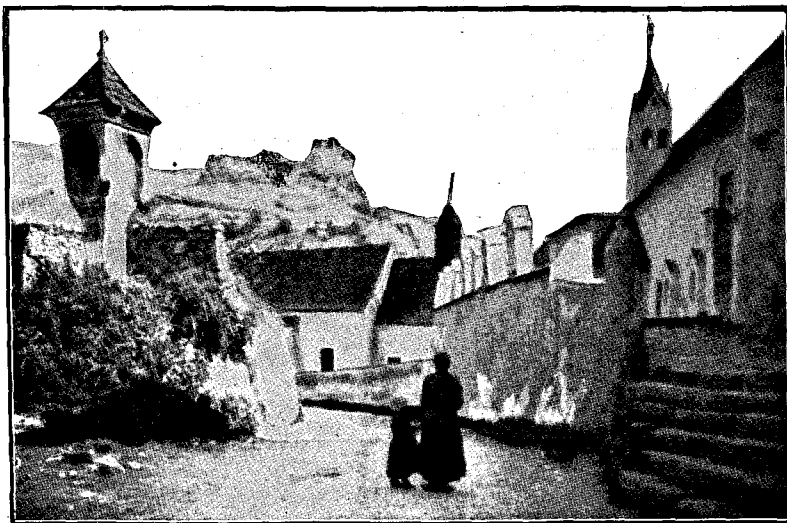
The great event of the summer was a competition among the sculptors of Tyrol for a life-sized bronze statue of Haspinger, the Capuchin monk who led the peasants to victory under Andreas Hofer in the war of 1809. This was to be erected in the church square directly opposite the Meister's window, and excitement ran high in artistic circles from Innsbruck down to Trient. Defregger and other mighty men were on the jury, and, though the pay was pitifully small, it was the chance of the Meister's career. And, to our delight, the Meister, who ten years before had been minding his sheep, won against all Tyrol by the unanimous vote of the jury, on the very eve of our departure.

That night the heir of the Minnesingers looked upon the first champagne that had ever been uncorked in Klausen, and all of our dearest Klauseners were at that modest banquet in Rauter's *Künstler-Café*. But none of them would touch a liqueur, for liqueurs, they declared, were products of artifice, and everything artificial is foreign to the Tyrolese nature.

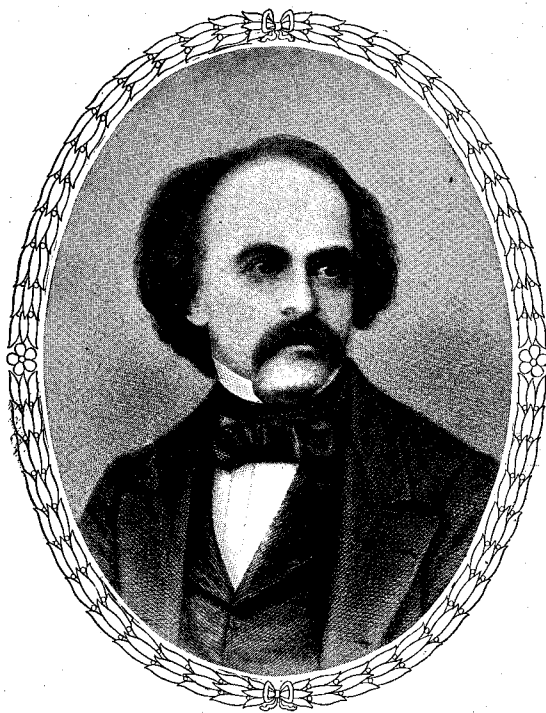
The Meister is one of the happiest persons alive. But

"Each mortal hath his Carcassonne,"
and his is Italy.

And we can think of few things more appealing than that young sculptor starved for inspiration within eighty miles of the land of Michelangelo.



A VIEW OF KLAUSEN



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

ETHAN BRAND

A CHAPTER FROM AN ABORTIVE ROMANCE

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

"**E**THAN BRAND" was probably written in 1848, when Hawthorne was forty-four years old. It first saw the light three years later in "Holden's. Dollar Magazine," and found its place with "The Snow Image," "The Great Stone Face," and other characteristic tales in the collection of short stories which was issued in 1852 under the title "The Snow Image and Other Twice-Told Tales." Ten years earlier he made a trip through the Berkshire country by stage, of which a full report appears in the "American Note-Books." He concerned himself, after his detached manner, with the spectacle of life, and jotted down impressions of the eccentric or unusual characters who crossed his path. He explored the mountains on foot, and noted especially the wild and rugged aspects which Greylock occasionally presents. This record of impressions throws light on the genesis of his stories and his characteristic use of mysterious or forbidding backgrounds. An odd figure, an underwitted old man, met him one morning on a walk, waving his umbrella and gesticulating strangely while he recited his pathetic history: "Conceive something tragical to be talked about," Hawthorne wrote in his note-book, "and much might be made of this interview in a wild road

among the hills, with Greylock, at a great distance, looking somber and angry, by reason of the gray, heavy mist upon his head."

There are several striking pictures of solitary and lonely places touched with the dusky splendor of the novelist's imagination; and there is one record which, in its fullness of detail, shows how deeply he felt the gloomy beauty of the scene of Ethan Brand's lonely madness:

Mr. Leach and I took a walk by moonlight last evening, on the road that leads over the mountain. Remote from houses, far up on the hillside, we found a lime-kiln burning near the road; and, approaching it, a watcher started from the ground, where he had been lying at his length. There are several of these lime-kilns in this vicinity. They are circular, built with stones, like a round tower, eighteen or twenty feet high, having a hillock heaped around in a great portion of their circumference, so that the marble may be brought and thrown in by cart-loads at the top. At the bottom there is a doorway, large enough to admit a man in a stooping posture. Thus an edifice of great solidity is constructed, which will endure for centuries, unless needless pains are taken to tear it down. There is one on the hillside, close to the village, wherein weeds grow at the bottom, and grass and shrubs too are rooted in the interstices of the stones, and its low doorway has a dungeon-like aspect, and we look down from the top as into a roofless tower. It apparently has not been used for many years, and the lime and weather-stained fragments of marbles are scattered about.

But in the one we saw last night a hardwood fire was burning merrily, beneath the superincumbent marble—the kiln being heaped full; and shortly after we came, the man (a dark, black-bearded figure, in shirt-sleeves) opened the iron door, through the chinks of which the fire was gleaming, and thrust in huge logs of wood, and stirred the immense coals with a long pole, and showed us the glowing limestone—the lower layer of it. The heat of the fire was powerful at the distance of several yards from the open door. He talked very sensibly with us, being doubtless glad to have two visitors to vary his solitary night-watch; for it would not do for him to fall asleep, since the fire should be refreshed as often as every twenty minutes. We ascended the hillock to the top of the kiln, and the marble was red-hot, and burning with a bluish, lambent flame, quivering up, sometimes nearly a yard high, and resembling the flame of anthracite coal, only, the marble being in large fragments, the flame was higher. The kiln was perhaps six or eight feet across. Four hundred bushels of marble were then in a state of combustion. The expense of converting this quantity into lime is about fifty dollars, and it sells for twenty-five cents per bushel at the kiln. We asked the man whether he would run across the top of the intensely burning kiln, barefooted, for a thousand dollars; and he said he would for ten. He told us that the lime had been burning forty-eight hours, and would be finished in thirty-six more. He liked the business of watching it better by night than by day; because the days were often hot, but such a mild and beautiful night as the last was just right. Here a poet might make verses with moonlight in them, and a gleam of fierce firelight flickering through. It is a shame to use this brilliant, white, almost transparent marble in this way. A man said of it, the other day, that into some pieces of it, when polished, one could see a good distance; and he instanced a certain gravestone.

"Ethan Brand" belongs to the closing period of Hawthorne's career as a short-story teller; his imagination was dealing with larger and more dramatic motives, and his art was ripe for bolder ventures in the field of pure romance. He was brooding over the great theme, already dealt with in many minor studies, which was to receive the full impress of his imagination, his insight, and his subtle skill, in "The Scarlet Letter." The mystery of conscience had arrested him at the start; he had studied its workings under the pressure of the Puritan ideals and in vital relations to the New England temperament. Under the title *Hints for Stories*, the index to the "American Note-Books" presents a striking list of the themes and motives which had for him deep and fruitful stimulus: "people in masks," "an insane reformer," "a snake a type of envy," "temptations of the devil," "last visits of a dying person," "the drowned rising," "a secret thing in public," "crime without the sense of guilty," "a bloody footprint," "an ice-cold hand," and a long array of kindred subjects, draw aside the veil from his mind and make us aware what ghastly company he kept. His temperament, the long years of solitude under the eaves at Salem, the brooding habit of his mind, the appeal of the specters waked

by the Puritan over-emphasis on individuality, the subdued richness of his imagination at home in the shadows which encircle the soul, freely and at times magically fused in his penetrating and subtle style, made him master of the secrets of the morbid, distorted, tyrannical conscience in a world in which phantoms wore the appearance of realities. The isolation from society, the detachment from living interests, the inability to distinguish between specters and persons, the will overtopping the intelligence, which have made New England prolific of solitaries, hermits, men and women driven blindly by fixed ideas, furnished him with inexhaustible material. With deep psychological insight and consummate delicacy and force of style, he dealt with the inner struggles of the men and women whose outward experiences Miss Wilkins has dramatized in some of her shorter tales with graphic power. Among these tales of diseased mind and overburdened conscience "Ethan Brand" is a convincing creation of his genius and his art.

H. W. M.

BARTRAM the lime-burner, a rough, heavy-looking man, begrimed with charcoal, sat watching his kiln at nightfall, while his little son played at building houses with the scattered fragments of marble, when, on the hillside below them, they heard a roar of laughter, not mirthful, but slow and even solemn, like a wind shaking the boughs of the forest.

"Father, what is that?" asked the little boy, leaving his play, and pressing betwixt his father's knees.

"Oh, some drunken man, I suppose," answered the lime-burner; "some merry fellow from the bar-room in the village, who dared not laugh loud enough within doors lest he should blow the roof of the house off. So here he is, shaking his jolly sides, at the foot of Greylock."

"But, father," said the child, more sensitive than the obtuse middle-aged clown, "he does not laugh like a man that is glad. So the noise frightens me!"

"Don't be a fool, child!" cried his father, gruffly. "You will never make a man, I do believe; there is too much of your mother in you. I have known the rustling of a leaf startle you. Hark! Here comes the merry fellow now. You shall see that there is no harm in him."

Bartram and his little son, while they were talking thus, sat watching the same lime-kiln that had been the scene of Ethan Brand's solitary and meditative life, before he began his search for the Unpardonable Sin. Many years, as we have seen, had now elapsed since that portentous night when the IDEA was

first developed. The kiln, however, on the mountain-side stood unimpaired, and was in nothing changed since he had thrown his dark thoughts into the intense glow of its furnace, and melted them, as it were, into the one thought that took possession of his life. It was a rude, round, tower-like structure about twenty feet high, heavily built of rough stones, and with a hillock of earth heaped about the larger part of its circumference, so that the blocks and fragments of marble might be drawn by cart-loads and thrown in at the top. There was an opening at the bottom of the tower like an oven-mouth, but large enough to admit a man in a stooping posture, and provided with a massive iron door. With the smoke and jets of flame issuing from the chinks and crevices of this door, which seemed to give admittance into the hillside, it resembled nothing so much as the private entrance to the infernal regions, which the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains were accustomed to show to pilgrims.

There are many such lime-kilns in that tract of country, for the purpose of burning the white marble which composes a large part of the substance of the hills. Some of them, built years ago, and long deserted, with weeds growing in the vacant round of the interior, which is open to the sky, and grass and wild flowers rooting themselves into the chinks of the stones, look already like relics of antiquity, and may yet be over-spread with the lichens of centuries to come. Others, where the lime-burner still feeds his daily and night-long fire,

afford points of interest to the wanderer among the hills, who seats himself on a log of wood or a fragment of marble, to hold a chat with the solitary man. It is a lonesome, and, when the character is inclined to thought, may be an intensely thoughtful, occupation; as it proved in the case of Ethan Brand, who had mused to such strange purpose, in days gone by, while the fire in this very kiln was burning.

The man who now watched the fire was of a different order, and troubled himself with no thoughts save the very few that were requisite to his business. At frequent intervals he flung back the clashing weight of the iron door, and, turning his face from the insufferable glare, thrust in huge logs of oak, or stirred the immense brands with a long pole. Within the furnace were seen the curling and riotous flames, and the burning marble, almost molten with the intensity of heat; while without the reflection of the fire quivered on the dark intricacy of the surrounding forest, and showed in the foreground a bright and ruddy little picture of the hut, the spring beside its door, the athletic and coal-begrimed figure of the lime-burner, and the half-frightened child shrinking into the protection of his father's shadow. And when, again, the iron door was closed, then reappeared the tender light of the half-full moon, which vainly strove to trace out the indistinct shapes of the neighboring mountains; and, in the upper sky, there was a fitting congregation of clouds, still faintly tinged with the rosy sunset, though thus far down into the valley the sunshine had vanished long and long ago.

The little boy now crept still closer to his father, as footsteps were heard ascending the hillside, and a human form thrust aside the bushes that clustered beneath the trees.

"Halloo! who is it?" cried the lime-burner, vexed at his son's timidity, yet half infected by it. "Come forward, and show yourself, like a man, or I'll fling this chunk of marble at your head!"

"You offer me a rough welcome," said a gloomy voice, as the unknown man drew nigh. "Yet I neither claim nor desire a kinder one, even at my own fireside."

To obtain a distincter view, Bartram threw open the iron door of the kiln, whence immediately issued a gush of fierce light, that smote full upon the stranger's face and figure. To a careless eye there appeared nothing very remarkable in his aspect, which was that of a man in a coarse, brown, country-made suit of clothes, tall and thin, with the staff and heavy shoes of a wayfarer. As he advanced he fixed his eyes—which were very bright—intently upon the brightness of the furnace, as if he beheld, or expected to behold, some object worthy of note within it.

"Good evening, stranger," said the lime-burner; "whence come you, so late in the day?"

"I come from my search," answered the wayfarer; "for, at last, it is finished."

"Drunk—or crazy!" muttered Bartram to himself. "I shall have trouble with the fellow. The sooner I drive him away, the better."

The little boy, all in a tremble, whispered to his father, and begged him to shut the door of the kiln, so that there might not be so much light; for that there was something in the man's face which he was afraid to look at, yet could not look away from. And, indeed, even the lime-burner's dull and torpid sense began to be impressed by an indescribable something in that thin, rugged, thoughtful visage, with the grizzled hair hanging wildly about it, and those deeply sunken eyes, which gleamed like fires within the entrance of a mysterious cavern. But, as he closed the door, the stranger turned towards him, and spoke in a quiet, familiar way, that made Bartram feel as if he were a sane and sensible man, after all.

"Your task draws to an end, I see," said he. "This marble has already been burning three days. A few hours more will convert the stone to lime."

"Why, who are you?" exclaimed the lime-burner. "You seem as well acquainted with my business as I am myself."

"And well I may be," said the stranger; "for I followed the same craft many a long year, and here, too, on this very spot. But you are a newcomer in

these parts. Did you never hear of Ethan Brand?"

"The man that went in search of the Unpardonable Sin?" asked Bartram, with a laugh.

"The same," answered the stranger. "He has found what he sought, and therefore he comes back again."

"What! then you are Ethan Brand himself?" cried the lime-burner, in amazement. "I am a newcomer here, as you say, and they call it eighteen years since you left the foot of Graylock. But, I can tell you, the good folks still talk about Ethan Brand, in the village yonder, and what a strange errand took him away from his lime-kiln. Well, and so you have found the Unpardonable Sin?"

"Even so!" said the stranger, calmly.

"If the question is a fair one," proceeded Bartram, "where might it be?"

Ethan Brand laid his finger on his own heart.

"Here!" replied he.

And then, without mirth in his countenance, but as if moved by an involuntary recognition of the infinite absurdity of seeking throughout the world for what was the closest of all things to himself, and looking into every heart, save his own, for what was hidden in no other breast, he broke into a laugh of scorn. It was the same slow, heavy laugh that had almost appalled the lime-burner when it heralded the wayfarer's approach.

The solitary mountain-side was made dismal by it. Laughter, when out of place, mistimed, or bursting forth from a disordered state of feeling, may be the most terrible modulation of the human voice. The laughter of one asleep, even if it be a little child—the madman's laugh—the wild, screaming laugh of a born idiot—are sounds that we sometimes tremble to hear, and would always willingly forget. Poets have imagined no utterance of fiends or hobgoblins so fearfully appropriate as a laugh. And even the obtuse lime-burner felt his nerves shaken, as this strange man looked inward at his own heart, and burst into laughter that rolled away into the night, and was indistinctly reverberated among the hills.

"Joe," said he to his little son, "scamper down to the tavern in the village, and tell the jolly fellows there that Ethan Brand has come back, and that he has found the Unpardonable Sin!"

The boy darted away on his errand, to which Ethan Brand made no objection, nor seemed hardly to notice it. He sat on a log of wood, looking steadfastly at the iron door of the kiln. When the child was out of sight, and his swift and light footsteps ceased to be heard treading first on the fallen leaves and then on the rocky mountain path, the lime-burner began to regret his departure. He felt that the little fellow's presence had been a barrier between his guest and himself, and that he must now deal, heart to heart, with a man who, on his own confession, had committed the one only crime for which Heaven could afford no mercy. That crime, in its indistinct blackness, seemed to overshadow him. The lime-burner's own sins rose up within him, and made his memory riotous with a throng of evil shapes that asserted their kindred with the Master Sin, whatever it might be, which it was within the scope of man's corrupted nature to conceive and cherish. They were all of one family; they went to and fro between his breast and Ethan Brand's, and carried dark greetings from one to the other.

Then Bartram remembered the stories which had grown traditionary in reference to this strange man, who had come upon him like a shadow of the night, and was making himself at home in his old place, after so long absence that the dead people, dead and buried for years, would have had more right to be at home, in any familiar spot, than he. Ethan Brand, it was said, had conversed with Satan himself in the lurid blaze of this very kiln. The legend had been matter of mirth heretofore, but looked grisly now. According to this tale, before Ethan Brand departed on his search, he had been accustomed to evoke a fiend from the hot furnace of the lime-kiln, night after night, in order to confer with him about the Unpardonable Sin; the man and the fiend each laboring to frame the image of some mode of guilt which could neither be atoned for nor forgiven. And, with the first gleam of light

upon the mountain-top, the fiend crept in at the iron door, there to abide the intensest element of fire until again summoned forth to share in the dreadful task of extending man's possible guilt beyond the scope of Heaven's else infinite mercy.

While the lime-burner was struggling with the horror of these thoughts, Ethan Brand rose from the log, and flung open the door of the kiln. The action was in such accordance with the idea in Bartram's mind that he almost expected to see the Evil One issue forth, red-hot, from the raging furnace.

"Hold! hold!" cried he, with a tremulous attempt to laugh; for he was ashamed of his fears, although they overmastered him. "Don't, for mercy's sake, bring out your Devil now!"

"Man!" sternly replied Ethan Brand, "what need have I of the Devil? I have left him behind me, on my track. It is with such half-way sinners as you that he busies himself. Fear not because I open the door. I do but act by old custom, and am going to trim your fire, like a lime-burner, as I was once."

He stirred the vast coals, thrust in more wood, and bent forward to gaze into the hollow prison-house of the fire, regardless of the fierce glow that reddened upon his face. The lime-burner sat watching him, and half suspected this strange guest of a purpose, if not to evoke a fiend, at least to plunge bodily into the flames, and thus vanish from the sight of man. Ethan Brand, however, drew quietly back, and closed the door of the kiln.

"I have looked," said he, "into many a human heart that was seven times hotter with sinful passions than yonder furnace is with fire. But I found not there what I sought. No, not the Unpardonable Sin!"

"What is the Unpardonable Sin?" asked the lime-burner; and then he shrank farther from his companion, trembling lest his question should be answered.

"It is a sin that grew within my own breast," replied Ethan Brand, standing erect, with a pride that distinguishes all enthusiasts of his stamp. "A sin that grew nowhere else! The sin of an in-

tellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God, and sacrificed everything to its own mighty claims! The only sin that deserves a recompense of immortal agony! Freely, were it to do again, would I incur the guilt. Unshrinkingly I accept the retribution!"

"The man's head is turned," muttered the lime-burner to himself. "He may be a sinner like the rest of us—nothing more likely—but, I'll be sworn, he is a madman too."

Nevertheless, he felt uncomfortable at his situation, alone with Ethan Brand on the wild mountain-side, and was right glad to hear the rough murmur of tongues, and the footsteps of what seemed a pretty numerous party, stumbling over the stones and rustling through the underbrush. Soon appeared the whole lazy regiment that was wont to infest the village tavern, comprehending three or four individuals who had drunk flip beside the bar-room fire through all the winters and smoked their pipes beneath the stoop through all the summers since Ethan Brand's departure. Laughing boisterously, and mingling all their voices together in unceremonious talk, they now burst into the moonshine and narrow streaks of firelight that illuminated the open space before the lime-kiln. Bartram set the door ajar again, flooding the spot with light, that the whole company might get a fair view of Ethan Brand, and he of them.

There, among other old acquaintances, was a once ubiquitous man, now almost extinct, but whom we were formerly sure to encounter at the hotel of every thriving village throughout the country. It was the stage agent. The present specimen of the genus was a wilted and smoke-dried man, wrinkled and red-nosed, in a smartly cut, brown, bobtailed coat, with brass buttons, who, for a length of time unknown, had kept his desk and corner in the bar-room, and was still puffing what seemed to be the same cigar that he had lighted twenty years before. He had great fame as a dry joker, though, perhaps, less on account of any intrinsic humor than from a certain flavor of brandy-toddy and tobacco-smoke, which impregnated all

his ideas and expressions, as well as his person. Another well-remembered, though strangely altered, face was that of Lawyer Giles, as people still called him in courtesy; an elderly ragamuffin, in his soiled shirt-sleeves and tow-cloth trousers. This poor fellow had been an attorney, in what he called his better days, a sharp practitioner, and in great vogue among the village litigants; but flip, and sling, and toddy, and cocktails, imbibed at all hours, morning, noon, and night, had caused him to slide from intellectual to various kinds and degrees of bodily labor, till at last, to adopt his own phrase, he slid into a soap-vat. In other words, Giles was now a soap-boiler, in a small way. He had come to be but the fragment of a human being, a part of one foot having been chopped off by an ax, and an entire hand torn away by the devilish grip of a steam-engine. Yet, though the corporeal hand was gone, a spiritual member remained; for, stretching forth the stump, Giles steadfastly averred that he felt an invisible thumb and fingers with as vivid a sensation as before the real ones were amputated. A maimed and miserable wretch he was; but one, nevertheless, whom the world could not trample on, and had no right to scorn, either in this or any previous stage of his misfortunes, since he had still kept up the courage and spirit of a man, asked nothing in charity, and with his one hand—and that the left one—fought a stern battle against want and hostile circumstances.

Among the throng, too, came another personage who, with certain points of similarity to Lawyer Giles, had many more of difference. It was the village doctor; a man of some fifty years, whom, at an earlier period of his life, we introduced as paying a professional visit to Ethan Brand during the latter's supposed insanity. He was now a purple-visaged, rude, and brutal, yet half-gentlemanly, figure, with something wild, ruined, and desperate in his talk, and in all the details of his gesture and manners. Brandy possessed this man like an evil spirit, and made him as surly and savage as a wild beast, and as miserable as a lost soul; but there was supposed to be in him such wonderful skill, such native

gifts of healing, beyond any which medical science could impart, that society caught hold of him, and would not let him sink out of its reach. So, swaying to and fro upon his horse, and grumbling thick accents at the bedside, he visited all the sick chambers for miles about among the mountain towns, and sometimes raised a dying man, as it were, by miracle, or quite as often, no doubt, sent his patient to a grave that was dug many a year too soon. The doctor had an everlasting pipe in his mouth, and, as somebody said, in allusion to his habit of swearing, it was always alight with hell-fire.

These three worthies pressed forward, and greeted Ethan Brand each after his own fashion, earnestly inviting him to partake of the contents of a certain black bottle, in which, as they averred, he would find something far better worth seeking for than the Unpardonable Sin. No mind which has wrought itself by intense and solitary meditation into a high state of enthusiasm can endure the kind of contact with low and vulgar modes of thought and feeling to which Ethan Brand was now subjected. It made him doubt—and, strange to say, it was a painful doubt—whether he had indeed found the Unpardonable Sin, and found it within himself. The whole question on which he had exhausted life, and more than life, looked like a delusion.

"Leave me," he said bitterly, "ye brute beasts, that have made yourselves so, shriveling up your souls with fiery liquors! I have done with you. Years and years ago I groped into your hearts, and found nothing there for my purpose. Get ye gone!"

"Why, you uncivil scoundrel," cried the fierce doctor, "is that the way you respond to the kindness of your best friends? Then let me tell you the truth. You have no more found the Unpardonable Sin than yonder boy Joe has. You are but a crazy fellow—I told you so twenty years ago—neither better nor worse than a crazy fellow, and the fit companion of old Humphrey here!"

He pointed to an old man, shabbily dressed, with long white hair, thin visage, and unsteady eyes. For some years

past this aged person had been wandering about among the hills, inquiring of all travelers whom he met for his daughter. The girl, it seemed, had gone off with a company of circus performers, and occasionally tidings of her came to the village, and fine stories were told of her glittering appearance as she rode on horseback in the ring, or performed marvelous feats on the tight-rope.

The white-haired father now approached Ethan Brand, and gazed unsteadily into his face.

"They tell me you have been all over the earth," said he, wringing his hands with earnestness. "You must have seen my daughter, for she makes a grand figure in the world, and everybody goes to see her. Did she send any word to her old father, or say when she was coming back?"

Ethan Brand's eye quailed beneath the old man's. That daughter, from whom he so earnestly desired a word of greeting, was the Esther of our tale, the very girl whom, with such cold and remorseless purpose, Ethan Brand had made the subject of a psychological experiment wasted, absorbed, and perhaps annihilated her soul, in the process.

"Yes," murmured he, turning away from the hoary wanderer, "it is no delusion. There is an Unpardonable Sin!"

While these things were passing, a merry scene was going forward in the area of cheerful light, beside the spring and before the door of the hut. A number of the youth of the village, young men and girls, had hurried up the hillside, impelled by curiosity to see Ethan Brand, the hero of so many a legend familiar to their childhood. Finding nothing, however, very remarkable in his aspect—nothing but a sunburnt wayfarer, in plain garb and dusty shoes, who sat looking into the fire as if he fancied pictures among the coals—these young people speedily grew tired of observing him. As it happened, there was other amusement at hand. An old German Jew, traveling with a diorama on his back, was passing down the mountain road towards the village just as the party turned aside from it, and, in hopes of eking out the profits of the day, the show-

man had kept them company to the lime-kiln.

"Come, old Dutchman," cried one of the young men, "let us see your pictures, if you can swear they are worth looking at!"

"Oh yes, Captain," answered the Jew—whether as a matter of courtesy or craft, he styled everybody Captain—"I shall show you, indeed, some very superb pictures!" So, placing his box in a proper position, he invited the young men and girls to look through the glass orifices of the machine, and proceeded to exhibit a series of the most outrageous scratchings and daubings, as specimens of the fine arts, that ever an itinerant showman had the face to impose upon his circle of spectators. The pictures were worn out, moreover, tattered, full of cracks and wrinkles, dingy with tobacco-smoke, and otherwise in a most pitiable condition. Some purported to be cities, public edifices, and ruined castles in Europe; others represented Napoleon's battles and Nelson's sea-fights; and in the midst of these would be seen a gigantic, brown, hairy hand—which might have been mistaken for the Hand of Destiny, though, in truth, it was only the showman's—pointing its forefinger to various scenes of the conflict, while its owner gave historical illustrations. When, with much merriment at its abominable deficiency of merit, the exhibition was concluded, the German bade little Joe put his head into the box. Viewed through the magnifying-glasses, the boy's round, rosy visage assumed the strangest imaginable aspect of an immense Titanic child, the mouth grinning broadly, and the eyes and every other feature overflowing with fun at the joke. Suddenly, however, that merry face turned pale, and its expression changed to horror, for this easily impressed and excitable child had become sensible that the eye of Ethan Brand was fixed upon him through the glass.

"You make the little man to be afraid, Captain," said the German Jew, turning up the dark and strong outline of his visage from his stooping posture. "But look again, and, by chance, I shall cause you to see somewhat that is very fine, upon my word!"

Ethan Brand gazed into the box for an instant, and then, starting back, looked fixedly at the German. What had he seen? Nothing, apparently; for a curious youth, who had peeped in almost at the same moment, beheld only a vacant space of canvas.

"I remember you now," muttered Ethan Brand to the showman.

"Ah, Captain," whispered the Jew of Nuremberg, with a dark smile, "I find it to be a heavy matter in my show-box—this Unpardonable Sin! By my faith, Captain, it has wearied my shoulders, this long day, to carry it over the mountain."

"Peace," answered Ethan Brand, sternly, "or get thee into the furnace yonder!"

The Jew's exhibition had scarcely concluded, when a great elderly dog—who seemed to be his own master, as no person in the company laid claim to him—saw fit to render himself the object of public notice. Hitherto he had shown himself a very quiet, well-disposed old dog, going round from one to another, and, by way of being sociable, offering his rough head to be patted by any kindly hand that would take so much trouble. But now, all of a sudden, this grave and venerable quadruped, of his own mere motion, and without the slightest suggestion from anybody else, began to run round after his tail, which, to heighten the absurdity of the proceeding, was a great deal shorter than it should have been. Never was seen such headlong eagerness in pursuit of an object that could not possibly be attained; never was heard such a tremendous outbreak of growling, snarling, barking, and snapping—as if one end of the ridiculous brute's body were at deadly and most unforgivable enmity with the other. Faster and faster, round about went the cur; and faster and still faster fled the unapproachable brevity of his tail; and louder and fiercer grew his yells of rage and animosity; until, utterly exhausted, and as far from the goal as ever, the foolish old dog ceased his performance as suddenly as he had begun it. The next moment he was as mild, quiet, sensible, and respectable in his deportment as when he first scraped acquaintance with the company.

As may be supposed, the exhibition was greeted with universal laughter, clapping of hands, and shouts of encore, to which the canine performer responded by wagging all that there was to wag of his tail, but appeared totally unable to repeat his very successful effort to amuse the spectators.

Meanwhile, Ethan Brand had resumed his seat upon the log, and moved, it might be, by a perception of some remote analogy between his own case and that of this self-pursuing cur, he broke into the awful laugh, which, more than any other token, expressed the condition of his inward being. From that moment the merriment of the party was at an end; they stood aghast, dreading lest the inauspicious sound should be reverberated around the horizon, and that mountain would thunder it to mountain, and so the horror be prolonged upon their ears. Then, whispering one to another that it was late—that the moon was almost down—that the August night was growing chill—they hurried homewards, leaving the lime-burner and little Joe to deal as they might with their unwelcome guest. Save for these three human beings, the open space on the hillside was a solitude, set in a vast gloom of forest. Beyond that darksome verge the firelight glimmered on the stately trunks and almost black foliage of pines, intermixed with the lighter verdure of sapling oaks, maples, and poplars, while here and there lay the gigantic corpses of dead trees, decaying on the leaf-strewn soil. And it seemed to little Joe—a timorous and imaginative child—that the silent forest was holding its breath until some fearful thing should happen.

Ethan Brand thrust more wood into the fire, and closed the door of the kiln; then, looking over his shoulder at the lime-burner and his son, he bade, rather than advised, them to retire to rest.

"For myself, I cannot sleep," said he. "I have matters that it concerns me to meditate upon. I will watch the fire, as I used to do in the old time."

"And call the Devil out of the furnace to keep you company, I suppose," muttered Bartram, who had been making intimate acquaintance with the black bottle above mentioned. "But watch,

if you like, and call as many devils as you like! For my part, I shall be all the better for a snooze. Come, Joe!"

As the boy followed his father into the hut, he looked back at the wayfarer, and the tears came into his eyes, for his tender spirit had an intuition of the bleak and terrible loneliness in which this man had enveloped himself.

When they had gone, Ethan Brand sat listening to the crackling of the kindled wood, and looking at the little spurts of fire that issued through the chinks of the door. These trifles, however, once so familiar, had but the slightest hold of his attention, while deep within his mind he was reviewing the gradual but marvelous change that had been wrought upon him by the search to which he had devoted himself. He remembered how the night dew had fallen upon him—how the dark forest had whispered to him—how the stars had gleamed upon him—a simple and loving man, watching his fire in the years gone by, and ever musing as it burned. He remembered with what tenderness, with what love and sympathy for mankind, and what pity for human guilt and woe, he had first begun to contemplate those ideas which afterwards became the inspiration of his life; with what reverence he had then looked into the heart of man, viewing it as a temple originally divine, and, however desecrated, still to be held sacred by a brother; with what awful fear he had deprecated the success of his pursuit, and prayed that the Unpardonable Sin might never be revealed to him. Then ensued that vast intellectual development, which, in its progress, disturbed the counterpoise between his mind and heart. The Idea that possessed his life had operated as a means of education; it had gone on cultivating his powers to the highest point of which they were susceptible; it had raised him from the level of an unlettered laborer to stand on a star-lit eminence, whither the philosophers of the earth, laden with the lore of universities, might vainly strive to clamber after him. So much for the intellect! But where was the heart? That, indeed, had withered—had contracted—had hardened—had perished!

It had ceased to partake of the universal throb. He had lost his hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother-man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets; he was now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment, and, at length, converting man and woman to be his puppets, and pulling the wires that moved them to such degrees of crime as were demanded for his study.

Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment that his moral nature had ceased to keep the pace of improvement with his intellect. And now, as his highest effort and inevitable development—as the bright and gorgeous flower and rich, delicious fruit of his life's labor—he had produced the Unpardonable Sin!

"What more have I to seek? what more to achieve?" said Ethan Brand to himself. "My task is done, and well done!"

Starting from the log with a certain alacrity in his gait and ascending the hillock of earth that was raised against the stone circumference of the lime-kiln, he thus reached the top of the structure. It was a space of perhaps ten feet across, from edge to edge, presenting a view of the upper surface of the immense mass of broken marble with which the kiln was heaped. All these innumerable blocks and fragments of marble were red-hot and vividly on fire, sending up great spouts of blue flame, which quivered aloft and danced madly, as within a magic circle, and sank and rose again, with continual and multitudinous activity. As the lonely man bent forward over this terrible body of fire, the blasting heat smote up against his person with a breath that, it might be supposed, would have scorched and shriveled him up in a moment.

Ethan Brand stood erect, and raised his arms on high. The blue flames played upon his face, and imparted the wild and ghastly light which alone could have suited its expression; it was that of a fiend on the verge of plunging into his gulf of intensest torment.

"O Mother Earth," cried he, "who art no more my Mother, and into whose bosom this frame shall never be resolved! O mankind, whose brotherhood I have cast off, and trampled thy great heart beneath my feet! O stars of heaven, that shone on me of old, as if to light me onward and upward!—farewell all, and forever. Come, deadly element of Fire—henceforth my familiar friend! Embrace me, as I do thee!"

That night the sound of a fearful peal of laughter rolled heavily through the sleep of the lime-burner and his little son; dim shapes of horror and anguish haunted their dreams, and seemed still present in the rude hovel, when they opened their eyes to the daylight.

"Up, boy, up!" cried the lime-burner, staring about him. "Thank Heaven, the night is gone, at last; and rather than pass such another, I would watch my lime-kiln, wide awake, for a twelve-month. This Ethan Brand, with his humbug of an Unpardonable Sin, has done me no such mighty favor in taking my place!"

He issued from the hut, followed by little Joe, who kept fast hold of his father's hand. The early sunshine was already pouring its gold upon the mountain-tops, and though the valleys were still in shadow, they smiled cheerfully in the promise of the bright day that was hastening onward. The village, completely shut in by hills, which swelled away gently about it, looked as if it had rested peacefully in the hollow of the great hand of Providence. Every dwelling was distinctly visible; the little spires of the two churches pointed upwards, and caught a fore-glimmering of brightness from the sun-gilt skies upon their gilded weathercocks. The tavern was astir, and the figure of the old, smoke-dried stage agent, cigar in mouth, was seen beneath the stoop. Old Graylock was glorified with a golden cloud upon his head. Scattered likewise over the breasts of the surrounding mountains there were heaps of hoary mist, in fantastic shapes, some of them far down into the valley, others high up towards the summits, and still others, of the same family of mist or cloud, hovering in the gold radiance of the upper atmosphere.

Stepping from one to another of the clouds that rested on the hills, and thence to the loftier brotherhood that sailed in air, it seemed almost as if a mortal man might thus ascend into the heavenly regions. Earth was so mingled with sky that it was a day-dream to look at it.

To supply that charm of the familiar and homely, which Nature so readily adopts into a scene like this, the stage-coach was rattling down the mountain road, and the driver sounded his horn, while Echo caught up the notes, and intertwined them into a rich and varied and elaborate harmony, of which the original performer could lay claim to little share. The great hills played a concert among themselves, each contributing a strain of airy sweetness.

Little Joe's face brightened at once.

"Dear father," cried he, skipping cheerily to and fro, "that strange man is gone, and the sky and the mountains all seem glad of it!"

"Yes," growled the lime-burner, with an oath, "but he has let the fire go down, and no thanks to him if five hundred bushels of lime are not spoiled. If I catch the fellow hereabouts again, I shall feel like tossing him into the furnace!"

With his long pole in his hand, he ascended to the top of the kiln. After a moment's pause, he called to his son.

"Come up here, Joe!" said he.

So little Joe ran up the hillock, and stood by his father's side. The marble was all burnt into perfect snow-white lime. But on its surface, in the midst of the circle—snow-white, too, and thoroughly converted into lime—lay a human skeleton, in the attitude of a person who, after long toil, lies down to long repose. Within the ribs—strange to say—was the shape of a human heart.

"Was the fellow's heart made of marble?" cried Bartram, in some perplexity at this phenomenon. "At any rate, it is burnt into what looks like special good lime; and, taking all the bones together, my kiln is half a bushel the richer for him."

So saying, the rude lime-burner lifted his pole, and, letting it fall upon the skeleton, the relics of Ethan Brand were crumbled into fragments.

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE ACCEPTED TIME

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.—2 Corinthians vi. 2.

THIS verse has often been quoted as a Scriptural argument against the doctrine of salvation in a future life. It has nothing to do with a future life. The Hebrew prophets foretold a coming Kingdom of God and a coming Messiah who would usher in that Kingdom. Paul quotes one of these prophecies and declares that it is fulfilled. The prophet had spoken of an acceptable time and a day of salvation. Paul says, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." The promised day has arrived; the Coming One has come. Thus Paul's saying is equivalent to Christ's message, "The Kingdom of God is at hand," and to the message in his parable of the Great Supper, "Come, for all things are now ready."

As I am writing these lines, in early April, there is still a feeling of distant snow in the air, and in unlit corners some remnants of last winter's ice and snow still linger. But the grass is springing up, and the uncovered brooks are beginning their song, and the trailing arbutus is in bloom, and the bees are awaking from their winter's sleep, and the early birds are hymning their morning devotions in the tree-tops. It is time to get out the plow and break up the ground and get ready to sow the seed. For spring is at hand, and we must be preparing for summer. This was the message of Christ; this is the message of Paul: The long-promised day of salvation has come. "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

What is the promised day of the Lord? It is a day when there shall be "upon the bells of the horses righteousness unto the Lord;" when "all thy children shall be taught of the Lord;" when "out

of Zion shall go forth the law, and . . . nation shall not lift up sword against nation;" when "they shall sit every man under his vine and his fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid." The public honesty which makes business on a credit basis possible is the Kingdom of God. The public school is the Kingdom of God. International law and international peace based on international law is the Kingdom of God. The distribution of wealth is the Kingdom of God. The Kingdom of God is here. The day of salvation has dawned. Whatever merchant is promoting the spirit of honesty and fair dealing in business, whatever teacher is promoting a universal education and quickening the conscience and reverence of his pupils, whatever statesman is leading his nation toward higher ideals of justice and so toward the consummation of peace, whatever reformer is promoting a more equitable distribution of wealth, whatever father or mother is sowing in the child's heart the seeds of goodness, truth, and purity, whatever priest or preacher is leading men toward the practice of justice, mercy, humility, and reverence, is working in the Kingdom of God. We are already in the Kingdom of Heaven. We need not wait for any more splendid unveiling of God, any more assurance of the forgiveness of sins, any more direct call to dutiful service. The Master is come, and calleth for thee.

"Wherever the gentle heart
Finds courage from above,
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love,
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go,
When in his steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe,
Where he is in the heart,
City of God, thou art."